MUSTER

61

Massachusetts Maritime Acaden

Buzzards Bay, Massachus

THE GRADUATING CLASS

OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY

PROUDLY PRESENT THE

MUSTER 1961

PATRICK J. SHIELDS
Editor

JOHN E. KING
Associate Editor

ANTHONY J. LAPRESTE, JR.
Advertising Manager

CHESTER R. HARTSHORN
Business Manager

HISTORY OF THE ACADEMY

The Massachusetts Maritime Academy was founded in 1893 with a two year course to train young men for the Merchant Marine. The Academy was given the sailing vessel "Enterprise" for a training ship and during the next fifteen years, sailed in waters around the globe, training young men year after year in one of man's oldest professions, that of the seafarer.

In 1909, the U.S. Navy gave the frigate, "Ranger" to the Academy, which was renamed the "Nantucket". This ship carried American good will throughout the world for over three decades with its crews of young men.

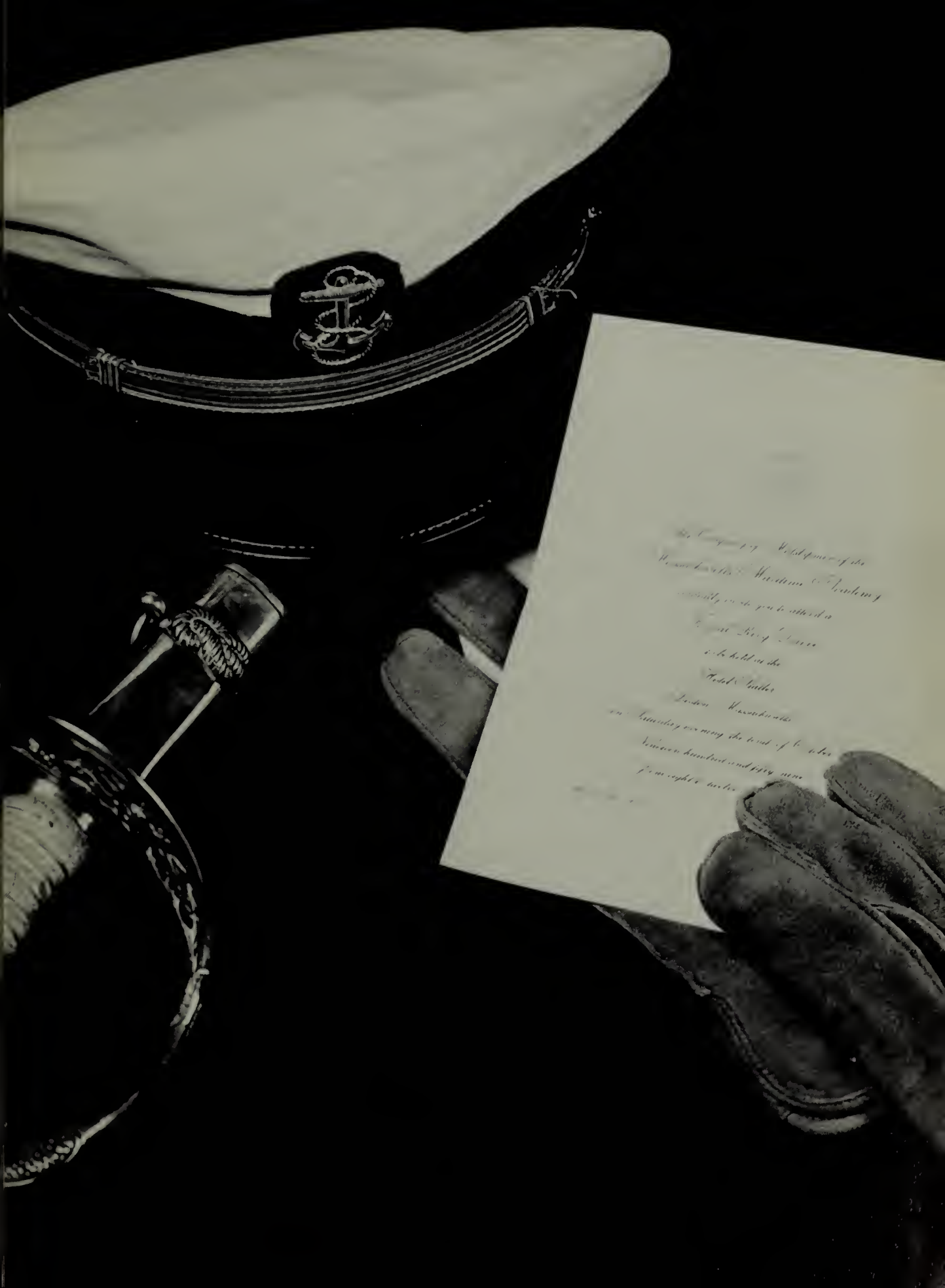
During World War Two, the "Nantucket" was sent to the United States Maritime Academy at Kings Point, New York, to live as a monument to the days of sailing ships. In 1942, the Academy came ashore and settled in Hyannis. Training cruises were made in Maritime Commission ships running up and down the coast.

After the war, the academic curriculum was lengthened to three years, and a Bachelor of Science Degree in Navigation or Engineering was awarded the graduates together with the Naval Reserve Commission and Coast Guard License. In 1948, the Academy received the gunboat "Charleston" and since facilities for the ship were not available in Hyannis, the Academy was moved to her present home at the State Pier, Buzzards Bay, Mass.

In 1957, the Academy received its present training ship, the former APA "Doyen" which was renamed the "Bay State". This ship has served well as a training ship and will continue to do so for many more years.

In 1960, plans for enlarging the Academy were finally approved and by October, the Naval Science Building was completed. In March of 1961, the Central Power Plant was built and ready for operation. Remodeling of the present classroom building is now under way and will be completed this year. Further plans call for an Engineering Building, recreational facilities, and eventually dormitories.

We, the class of 1961, hope that these plans and changes will be carried out, thus making a better Academy to train future Merchant Marine Officers.



EDITORIAL

Our three years here at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy are almost completed. Our final goal is in sight. Soon, we will receive our Third Mates or Third Assistant Engineers License, a Bachelor of Science Degree, and for most of us, a Naval Reserve Commission. Many of our class will go to sea, others will get land jobs, but none of us will ever forget the good times, the fellowship, and the bad times that we have had as a class. Many changes have taken place in our stay at the Academy—new instructors, a bigger emphasis on the academic curriculum, new activities and clubs, and the beginning of a building program show that the Academy is growing in every phase of its operation. However, numerous other things must be done to keep pace with changing times.

We, as a class, have been separated since the beginning of our second class year, not only by our varied professional courses, but by being berthed in different compartments aboard ship. This has had a tremendous effect on our unity as a class and we have slowly drawn apart, becoming two distinct, separate elements. Thus, we have decided to dedicate the 1961 MUSTER to two instructors, one an Engineering Officer and one a Deck Officer, who we feel have contributed the most to us, during our three years here at M.M.A. These two men are Commander Hemmerly and Lieutenant Commander Page. However, we would also like to express our appreciation to all of the officers and instructors, as they have given unselfishly and generously of their time and talents, imparting to us their knowledge and experience.

I, as editor, would like to express my thanks and appreciation to all of those who have helped to produce this yearbook. Special thanks go to our advisor, Lt. Dorsey, without whose assistance the yearbook would never have been published; to Mel Howard and Bob Vantine, our photographer and publisher, respectively; and to my four immediate subordinates, John King, Assistant Editor; Anthony LaPreste, Advertising Manager; Chester Hartshorn, Business Manager; and John Frodyma, Photography Editor.

A yearbook takes a great deal of time and effort, and the filling in of pages between the covers is an undertaking the scope of which few people realize. In the following pages of the MUSTER, we have tried to review our three years here at the Academy. We hope that we have been successful and that the 1961 MUSTER will bring many hours of enjoyment to its readers.

Patrick J. Shields
Editor, The MUSTER

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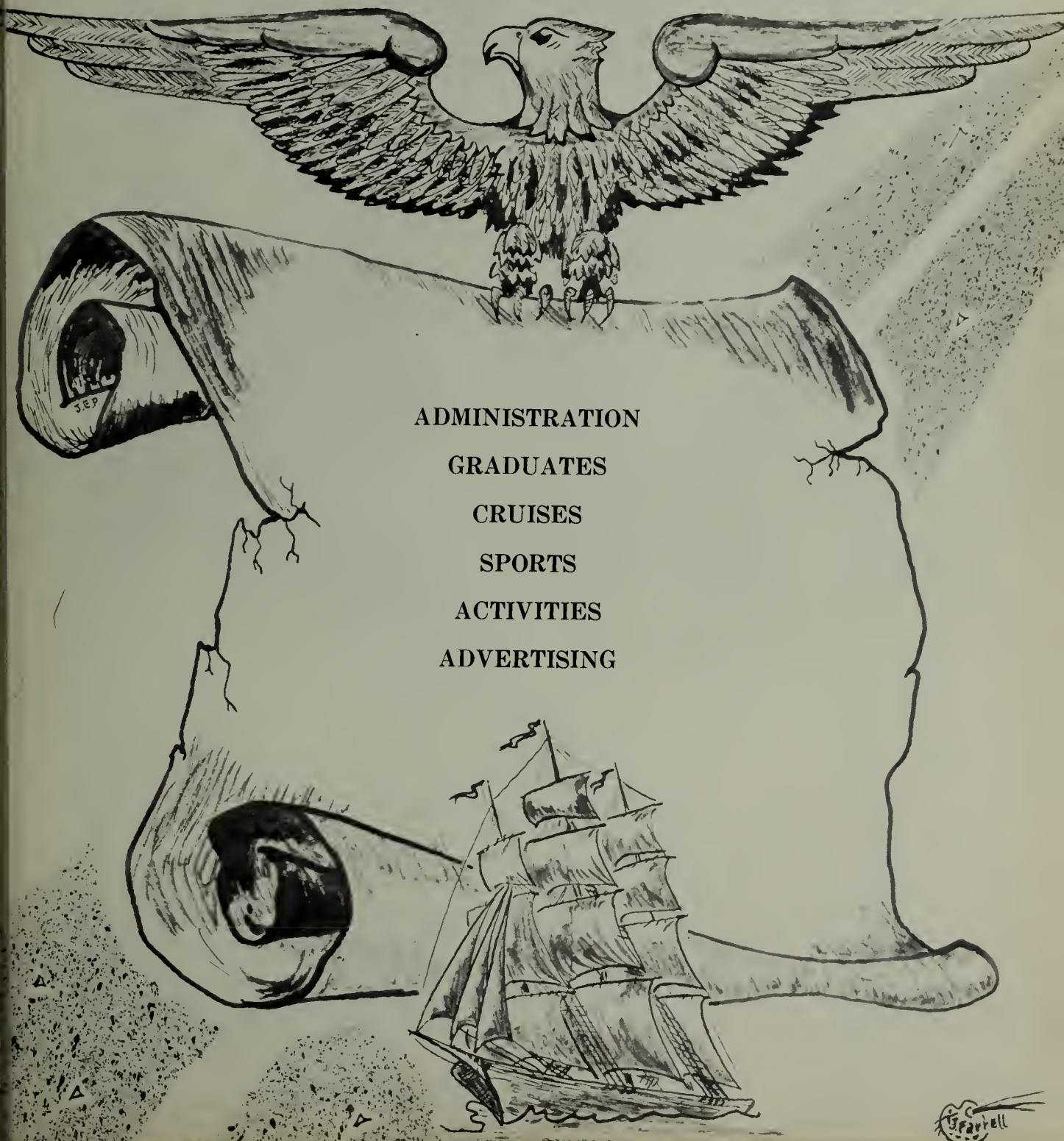


ADMINISTRATION

GRADUATES

CRUISES

SPORTS

ACTIVITIES

ADVERTISING

COMMANDER
WILLIAM HEMMERLY, USNR

ENGINEERING DEDICATION

Mr. Hemmerly, a member of the Mass. Maritime Alumni as well as the faculty, has also distinguished himself in action during World War II. However, We, the engineering graduates of the academy, feel that his greatest contribution has been on our behalf; as our electrical instructor, electrical division officer, and head of the morale department, Mr. Hemmerly has helped to provide a substantial foundation for our future.

We sincerely hope you will continue your work at the Maritime Academy and that the dedication of this yearbook will help to show, in part, our gratitude to a fine individual.

DECK DEPARTMENT DEDICATION

At this time, we, the deck midshipmen of the first class, wish to express our deepest appreciation for all you have done in our behalf during our three years here at the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. As an instructor and our class advisor you have instilled in us knowledge that we shall retain for the rest of our lives.

Your cheerfulness and fairness in the performance of your duties only magnify our respect and admiration.

As we depart from M.M.A., we again say, "thank you" as we enter our chosen vocation.

LCDR. LUCIAN T. PAGE, USMS

President John F. Kennedy

Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, USN
Chief of Naval Operations

JOHN A. VOLPE
GOVERNOR

THE COMMONWEALTH OF MASSACHUSETTS
EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT
STATE HOUSE, BOSTON

TO THE 1961 GRADUATING CLASS OF THE

MASSACHUSETTS MARITIME ACADEMY:

It is a pleasure for me, as Governor, to extend the congratulations of the Commonwealth, and my personal greetings, to the graduating class of the Maritime Academy.

As you stand on the threshold of your chosen careers, you have behind you many lessons in practice and theory which have prepared you for your future. These lessons at the Academy have also prepared you, perhaps without your realization, to meet the numerous situations and problems of your lives which will require integrity, perseverance, courage, and understanding.

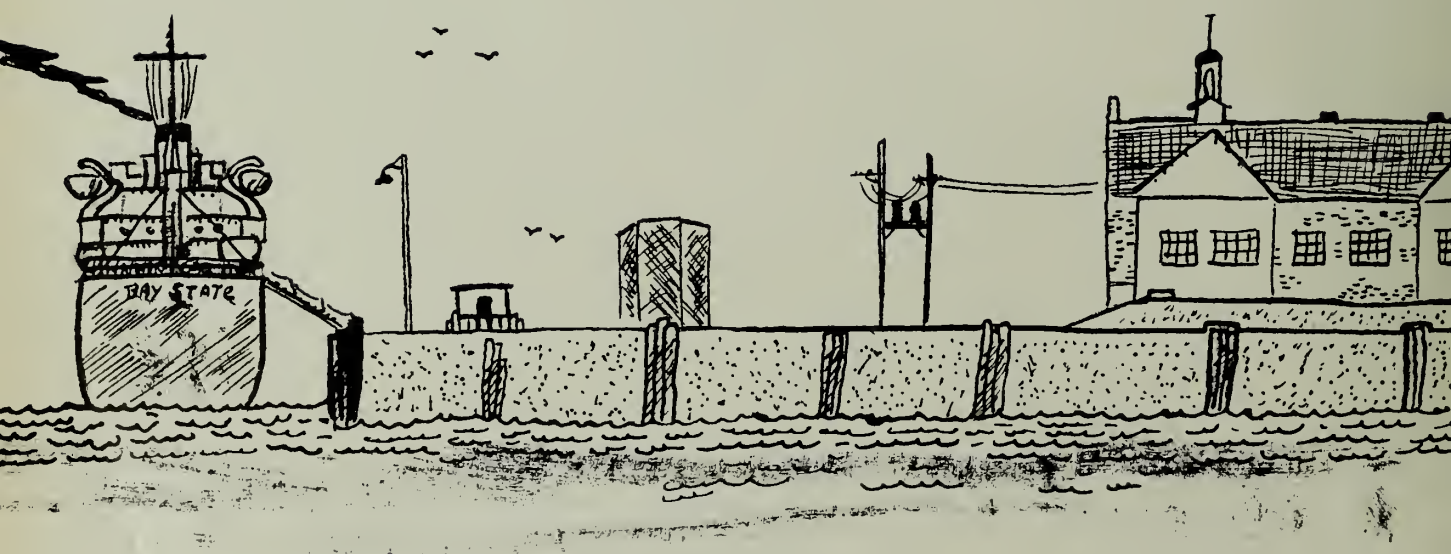
Such qualities are taught by example as well as by precept. It is my hope that you, in turn, will be able to teach by the good example you set in your future course through life.

Sincerely,

Governor

ADMINISTR

RADM. J. W. THOMPSON.....Superintendent
CAPT. R. T. ROUNDS.....Commanding Officer
CAPT. J. M. MURRAY.....Chief Engineer
CAPT. L. A. WOODLAND.....Executive Officer
DR. W. E. DAWSON.....Doctor
CDR. W. J. CONNORS.....Navigator
LCDR. P. G. HIRST.....First Lieutenant
CDR. J. M. CEASE.....First Division Deck Officer
LT. A. McNAUGHTON.....Second Division Deck Officer
LCDR. L. T. PAGE.....Third Division Deck Officer
LT. F. H. G. WRIGHT.....Boiler Division Officer
LT. G. M. TONELLO.....Machinery Division Officer
CDR. W. H. HEMMERLY.....Electrical Division Officer
LCDR. J. D. CROSBY.....Auxiliary Division Officer
LCDR. H. C. PRATT.....Engineering Officer
LT. A. E. MAC LEOD.....Engineering Officer
LT. W. HENDY.....Engineering Officer
LT. T. F. DORSEY.....Deck Officer
LCDR. A. ANTEEN.....Supply Officer
LT. F. L. D. YARD.....Deck Officer
LT. R. H. MURPHY.....Cruise Deck Officer



ATION

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts

Department of Education

Massachusetts Maritime Academy

USTS BAY STATE
STATE PIER, BUZZARDS BAY, MASSACHUSETTS

To the Graduating Class of 1961

Congratulations!

The long awaited day is at hand, when you, with honors and credentials in hand, bid Academy and friends good bye, to take your places in a busy, competitive world.

One phase of your education is completed and you now enter into the broader field, which is without limitation. How far you will go depends upon your own courage, ability and determination. Be observant, learn from others, have pride in your own undertakings and be sure you are in the right.

The doing of one's duty, even though it may be commonplace, embodies the highest ideals of life and character.

Your home, your community, your State and your Nation all expect great things of you.

The Faculty joins with me in wishing you all success and happiness in your chosen profession and may God always be with you.

Very sincerely

The Superintendent

SUPERINTENDENT

Rear Admiral JOHN W. THOMPSON, USMS

COMMANDING OFFICER

Captain Richard T. Rounds, USNR

Captain Rounds graduated from the Nautical School in 1926 to sail aboard Standard Oil Company tankers, and several months later commenced a three-year stay with the United Fruit Company.

Early in 1930, he returned to the schoolship, this time as an instructor. When the Navy took over the school in 1942, most of the officers were shifted to active duty. Such was the case with Captain Rounds, when he was made Executive Officer of an AKA and then an APA in the Pacific. Command of an APA followed, a post he held until his release from active duty and his return to the Academy in 1946.

Not only does Captain Rounds have his Master's license for steam and diesel powered ships, but he is also one of the few men presently holding a master's license from the Coast Guard for square rigged sailing vessels.

CHIEF ENGINEER

JAMES M. MURRAY, CAPT., U.S.N.R.
Chief Engineer
Instructor of Thermo Dynamics, Steam Engines,
and Atomic Power

Capt. Murray, a graduate of the Maritime Academy in the class of 1935, has since acquired his Chief Engineer's License in the Merchant Marine and has sailed on active duty as a Naval Officer during World War II, recently becoming a Captain, U.S.N.R.

As an instructor, Capt. Murray has managed, with much perseverance, to prepare the engineers for their Coast Guard License examinations upon graduation. We feel sure that no graduate of M. M. A. will ever leave the "Jacking Gear" engaged when getting under way.

Above all, as head of the Engineering Department, Capt. Murray has a keen interest in each of his students and stands strongly behind all of his graduates.

COMMAND

Captain Louis A. Woodland, USNR
Executive Officer
Ship Construction Instructor

Commander William J. Connors, USNR
Navigator
Instructor of Navigation and Rules
of the Road

LCDR Paul G. Hirst, USMS
First Lieutenant
Maritime Law Instructor

DECK

Commander John M. Cease, USN (Ret.)
Academic Assistant to the Superintendent
First Division Officer
Mathematics Instructor

Lieutenant Alan McNaughton, USNR
Second Division Officer
Instructor of Communications and
Shipping Operations

LCDR Lucian T. Page, USMS
Third Division Officer
Instructor of Seamanship, Cargo Stowage,
and Rules of Marine Inspection

FACULTY

Lieutenant Thomas F. Dorsey, USMS

MUSTER Advisor
Social Sciences Instructor
Ass't. Division Officer

Lieutenant F. L. Dixon Yard, USMS

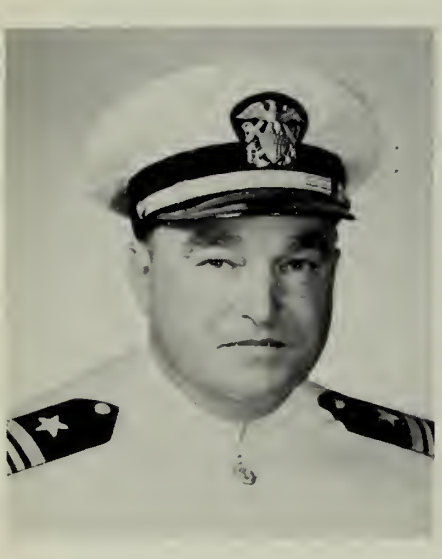
Ass't. Division Officer
Spanish Instructor

Lieutenant Robert H. Murphy, USNR

Cruise Watch Officer

Commander William Hemmerly, USNR

Electrical Division Officer
Instructor of Electricity and Refrigeration



LCDR. James D. Crosby, USNR

Auxiliary Division Officer
Diesel Instructor

Lieutenant Frederick H. G. Wright, USNR

Boiler Division Officer
Instructor of Boilers and Property of Materials

FACULTY

Lieutenant Mario Tonello, USMS
Machinery Division Officer

LCDR. Harold C. Pratt, USN (Ret.)
Radio Electronics Instructor

Lieutenant Angus E. MacLeod, USMS
Assistant Division Officer
Shop Theory Instructor

Lieutenant William R. Hendy, USNR
Instructor of Physics and Chemistry

Capt. William E. Dawson (M. C.) USNR
Ships Surgeon

LCDR. Alvin Anteen, MMA
Supply Officer

Mr. James Collins
English Instructor

NAVAL SCIENCE DEPARTMENT

Lieutenant Commander
Rene L. Briand

Lieutenant
Otto P. Reitz

Lieutenant (jg)
Kenneth H. Fisher

GMCS Stephen H. Novak

FC1 George A. Pilgrim

YN

CREW

Seaman Stewart

Rad. Op. Kent

Rpmn. Selfe

Pharm. Tassinari

Bosn Tribou

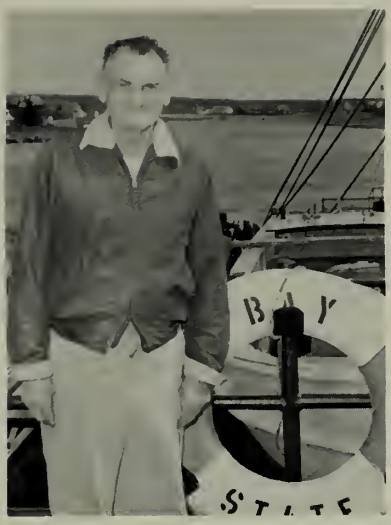
Sea. Alden

Rpmn. Thompson

PClk. Coghlan

Rpmn. Raymond

Sea. Ripley



Msmn. Pollock

Elec. Maynard

CMAA LaCasse, Sr.

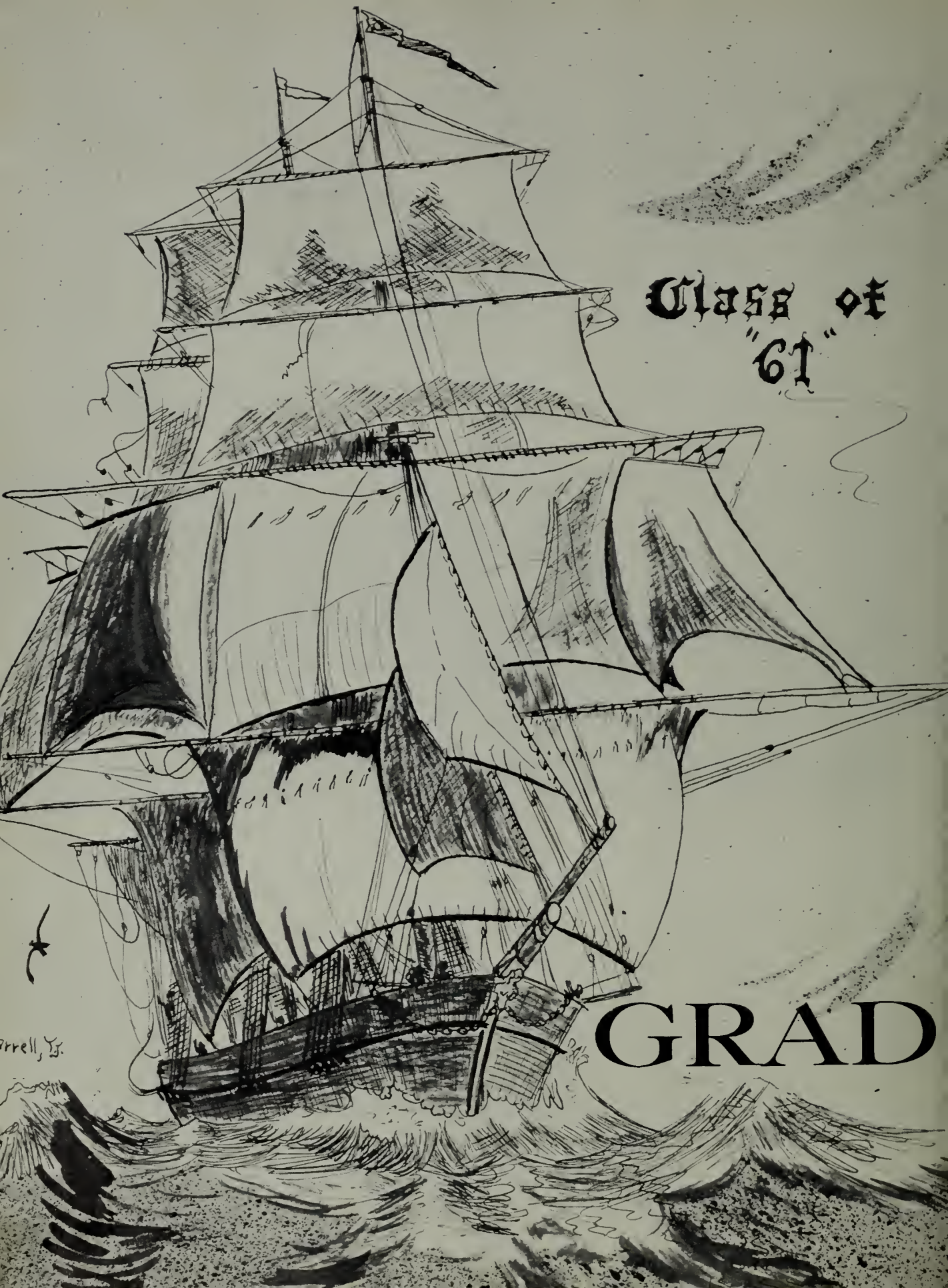
Cooks Beers & Leighton

Cook Crowell

Cook Moniz

Msmn. Tatro

Mach. LaCasse, Jr.


Class of
"61"
GRAD

UATES

PSALM OF THE SEAMAN

The Lord is my Pilot; I shall not drift.
He lighteth me across the dark waters
He steereth me in the deep channels.
He keepeth my log.
Surely sunlight and starlight shall favor me
all the days of my voyaging
And I will rest in the port of my Lord

—Forey[illegible]

IN MEMORIAM

JOHN EDWARD GILES II

LAWRENCE M. LYNCH
6 Merrymount Avenue
Wollaston, Mass.

"Ask Lynch, Lynch Knows"

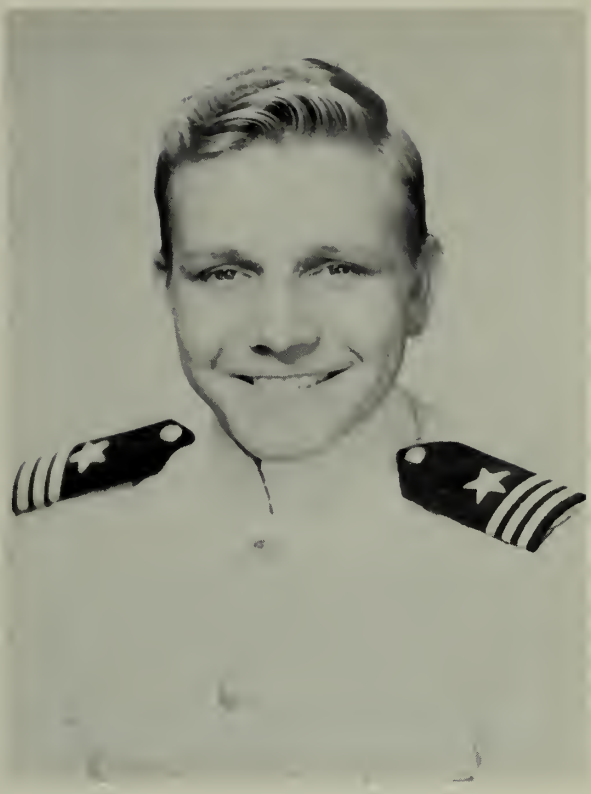
"Tortuga"

Battalion Commander
Basketball 1,2,3,
Ring Committee
Master of Ceremonies at Ring Dance
Watch Two Old Guard
Shellback

Desiring to change from the blue waters of gentle Quincy Bay, Larry headed South, instinct led him to Buzzards Bay and the Maritime Academy, where in 3 short years he was destined to evolve as Battalion Commander.

Undaunted by the complexities of the engine room, Turtle's fate was already decided. Leading the way into our first class year, it was no surprise to see Larry emerge on top. No slouch in studies, Larry gained most of his knowledge through his sub-conscious while inclined horizontally.

With his abilities, Larry is sure to make a success of his career. Best of Luck, Larry.



JOHN CORNELIUS KRADOLFER

Smith Street

Dover, Massachusetts

"Dutch"

Battalion Adjutant
Class President
MUSTER Staff
Ring Committee
Ring Dance Committee
Swimming Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

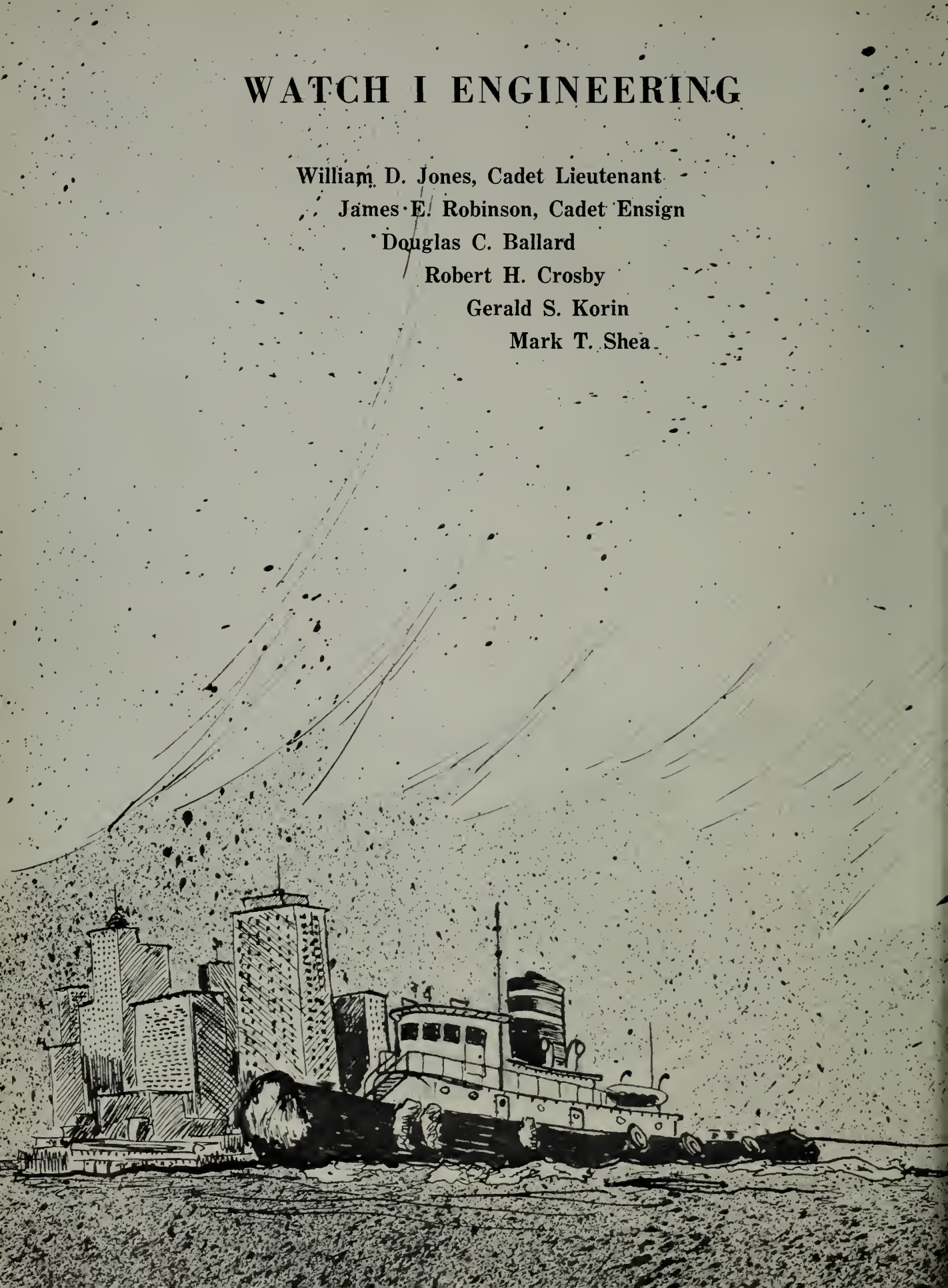
We became aware that there was a vogel among us when the clacking of wooden shoes was heard throughout the ship. Since then Dutch has become a common sight, circulating through the ship spreading advice and benevolence to the third class. Woe be to the person who talks disparagingly to the youngies about their Uncle Dutch.

The Vogel's tact and jack o' lantern smile has earned him the admiration of all of us and no one was surprised when he was awarded the big three.

A staunch critic of the American culture, Dutch will argue against anything that is conventional. This poor frustrated beatnik is fated to be married shortly but we doubt that a ball and chain, even a lovely one like Eileen, will hamper his inevitable success.

WATCH I ENGINEERING

William D. Jones, Cadet Lieutenant
James E. Robinson, Cadet Ensign
Douglas C. Ballard
Robert H. Crosby
Gerald S. Korin
Mark T. Shea



WILLIAM DALE JONES
1 Pearl Street
Taunton, Mass.

"My business, Sir, is OIL."

"Mungbat"

Cadet Lieutenant
Watch 1 Old Guard
Basketball Mgr.
Bowling League
Ring Dance Committee
Shellback

Has anyone seen a starched boiler suit go by? From the first day on board the Bay State the Bat was a confirmed engineer, during his Youngie year Arnie, Otto, and Sap (how's that for a mouthful), increased Bat's desire to join the Black Gang.

Armed with a subscription of Marine Engineering Log and a handbook from Worthington Pumps, Dale quickly engulfed the U. S. T. S. Bay State in a pool of fuel oil, (Navy Special). Noted for his ability to get in and out of coveralls and boilers, Bat soon became "SENIOR ENGINEER" of "B" division.

After graduation we hope that Bat's drive and ambition will carry him to the top of the ladder.

JAMES E. ROBINSON
139 Burgess Avenue
Westwood, Mass.

"A man of experience is a man of wealth"

"Robby"

Cadet Ensign
Watch 1 Old Guard (4)
Bowling League
Intramural Sports
Propeller Club
Shellback

Due to a slight miscalculation, causing "G" to go above "M", Robby's launching was delayed one year, pending certain modifications. Making the most of this opportunity, Robby added considerably to his knowledge of engineering, as well as Ship's Const.

His eagerness to lend a hand in the fireroom was rewarded with the return of his rating as number two boilerman, Robby could always be counted on to do the "Wright" thing. With his boundless engineering skill Robby will be a success in the Merchies or the Navy.

DOUGLAS CHARLES BALLARD
61 Jenness Street
Lynn, Mass.

"Yehoudi"

Watch 1 Old Guard
Ring Dance Committee
1-50 Club
Pres. Horizontal Club
R. A. F.
Shellback

As Ambassador of R. A. F. Yehoudi could often be found expostulating on the virtues of the air over sea. During his "Youngie" year, Yehoudi's natural ability as a leader among men enabled him to cope with his duties as section leader and to rise even further on the ladder of success to become Pres. of the Horizontal Club during his last year.

His ability of being able to iron out most any situation made Yehoudi a natural for head of the laundry.

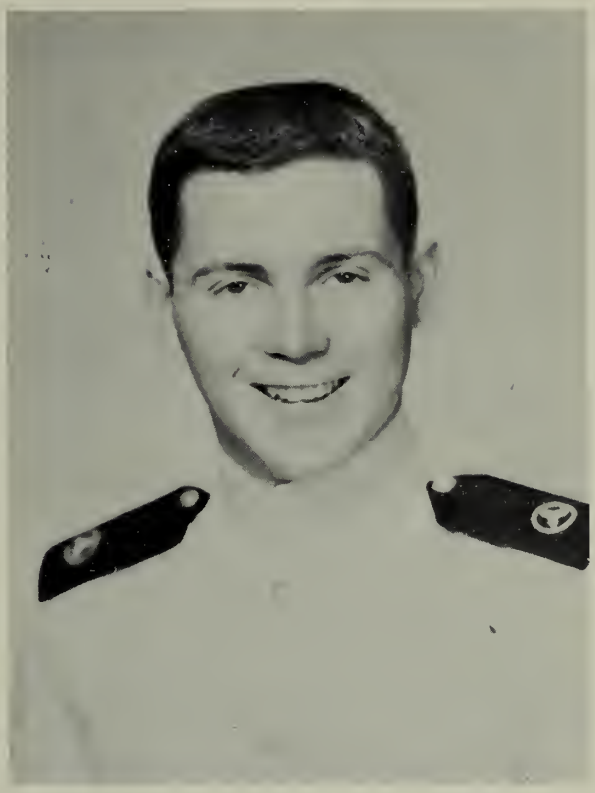
Whether it be Pensacola or Sealy Posturpedic, we know Yehoudi will end up in the top rack.

ROBERT HARRISON CROSBY
8 State Street
Peabody, Mass.

"Where there's life, there's Bob"

"Bing"

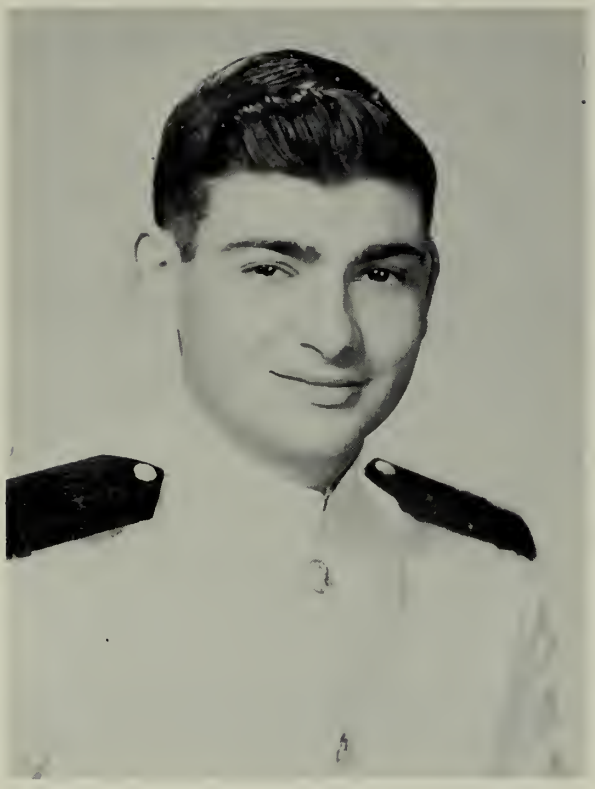
Baseball 1,2,3
Bowling League
Football 1,2,3,
Golf 2
MUSTER Staff
Horizontal Club
Shellback



Being chosen by the "BuMaLu" to represent the North Shore, Bing embarked on a three year vacation at Taylor's Point Tech. Personally friendly with the Captain, Bing could usually be found visiting him on Wednesday Afternoons at 12:45.

During his second class year Bob acquired the habit of studying Steam Engines through osmosis, much to the dismay of a certain Chief Engineer. As a member of the baseball and football teams Bing could always be counted on to come through in the clutch.

A staunch believer in the system, and an ardent advocator of higher education let's hope that M.I.T. profits with our loss.



GERALD STANLEY KORIN

91 Tremont Street

Salem, Mass.

"I can get it for you WHOLE-SALE."

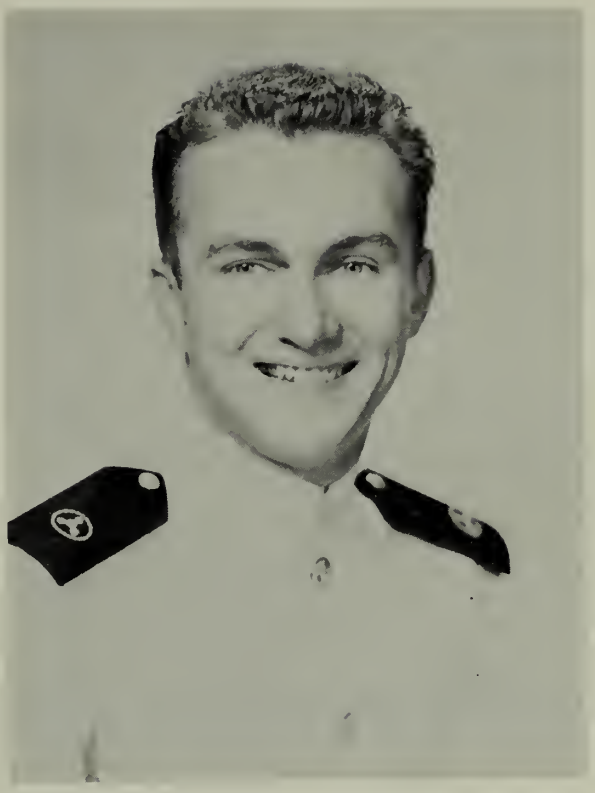
"Jake"

Bowling Team
Swimming Team
Ring Committee
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

The Sultan of Salem, armed with sweat shirts and artificial flowers arrived to set up shop, but soon found, as a youngie, that deals were few and far between. He did manage one unusual deal, Henry Saint's $5.00 pair of shoes.

As the year progressed the green camel taxi service soon monopolized the Trade-Route between B. B. and Salem, with frequent stops at the Pines. His second class year Gerry switched from taxis to turbines and went on to prove his ability as an engineer.

Whether wholesale or retail, Diesel or Steam, we feel confident that Gerry will succeed in his chosen field.



MARK THOMAS SHEA
2 Clive Street
Worcester, Mass.

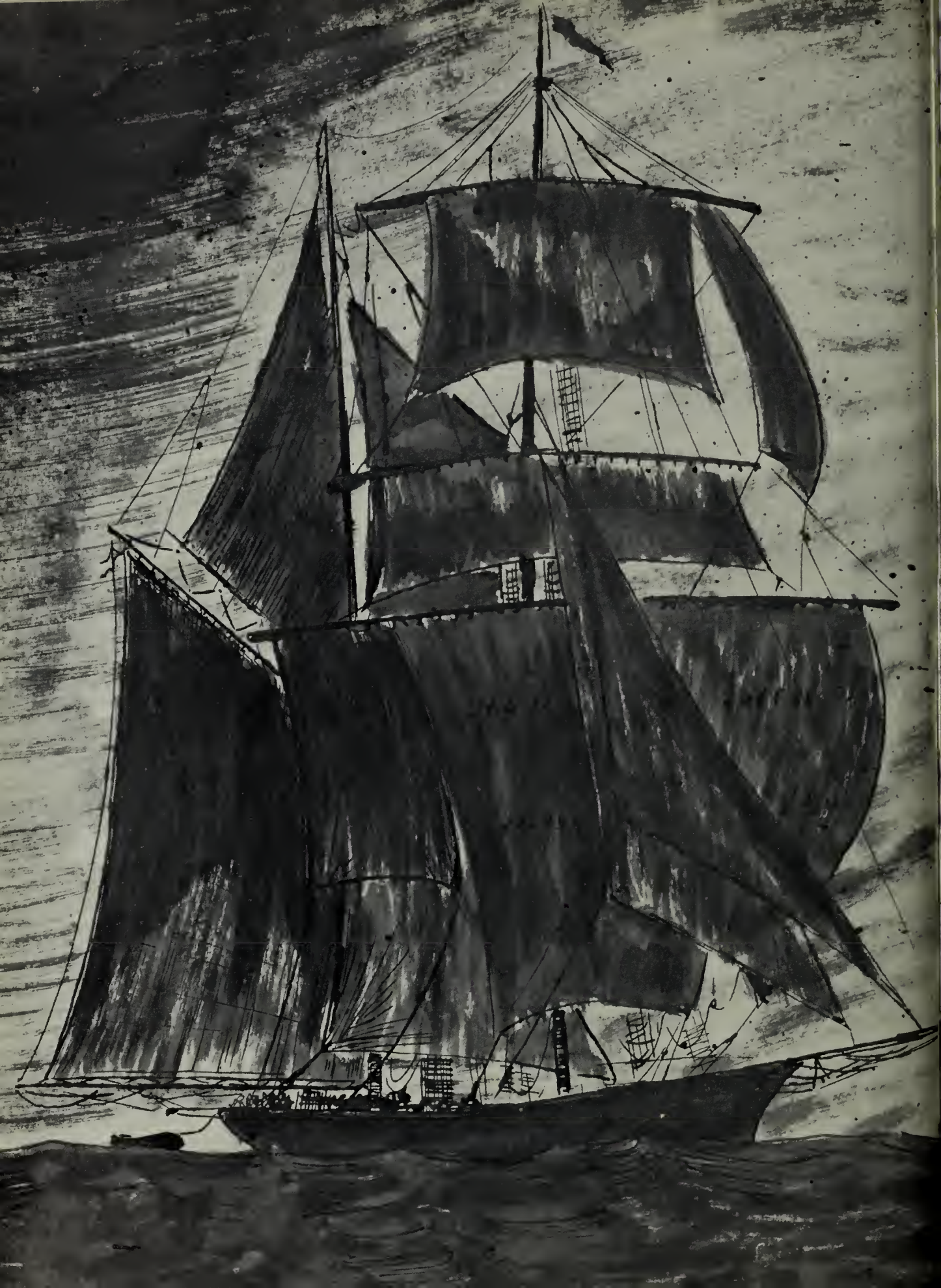
"I always leave them laughing"

"Stids"

Tennis Team
Watch 1 Old Guard
Propeller Club
Boiler Buster
Shellback

Worcester's claim to fame arrived at M. M.A. trailing an air of delight. Within a short while Mark became proprietor of the "Nocturnal Shoe Shine Parlor Inc.," much to "Mora's" delight. Stids was appointed as chief of the Ace Detective Bureau, specializing in recovering Saintly objects.

As a second job, Mark led a more sedentary life, a cup of java and a good smoke was typical. While firing the boiler ardently, like any good second classman, Mark met with an unusual mishap, thus delaying the cruise for a few weeks. Things have worked out a little better this year for Mark and he has our wishes for fair winds in his future.



FIRST DIVISION DECK

John J. P. Crocker, Cadet Lieutenant

Thomas P. Sheehan, Cadet Ensign

Walter P. Flaherty

Frederic J. Grady

Douglas M. O'Leary,
Bandmaster

JOHN JAMES PATRICK CROCKER

139 Front Street

Marion, Massachusetts

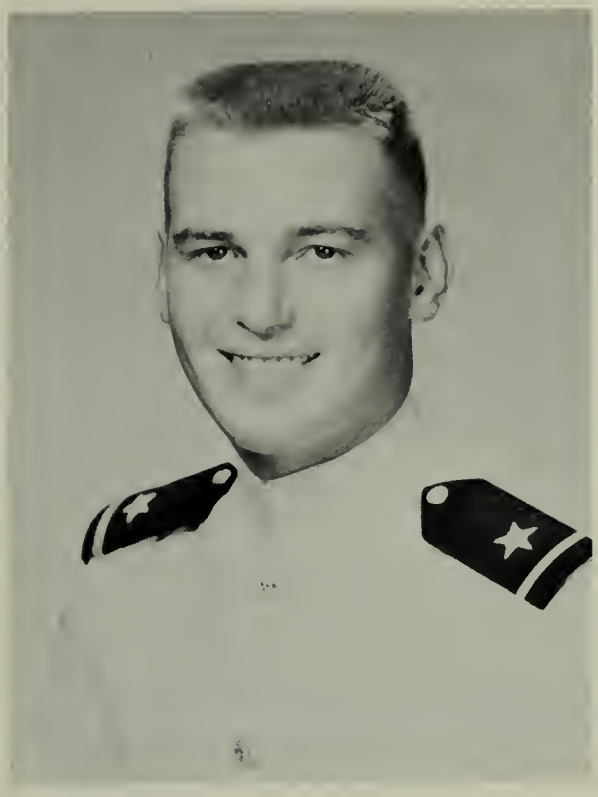
"An honest man, a good shipmate, and a very good judge of liquor."

"John"

Cadet Lieutenant (Ret.)
MUSTER Staff
Honor Guard
Propeller Club
Shellback
Color Guard

John, an old hand of the sea, via Tabor Academy and college, came to M.M.A. a little after the first crop of youngies, but he soon became known for his ability in seamanship and navigation. For his efforts John was awarded Two Stripes in First Division. In addition to his nautical ability he also had a great liking for Fire Stations, and as such, retired as a Cadet Lieutenant in order to devote more time as a fireman.

Notwithstanding this, however, we feel that John will do well in his chosen profession, whether it be as a Mate or a Fireman.



THOMAS SHEEHAN
38 Bemis Street
Newtonville, Massachusetts

"Ensign"

Cadet Ensign
Golf Team 1,2,3
Propeller Club
Shellback
Intramural Horseshoes

When the "Ensign" appeared with a golf stick in one hand and a copy of rules and regs in the other, the underclassmen knew that there were bad times ahead. Many of his admirers could be seen standing outside of ships office at 1245 singing his praises. A bitter classmate would be hard to find, though, and Tom's good nature has won many friends. It wasn't surprising to see that after he was awarded his stripes, Navy Division grabbed him. They realized that gung ho Navy men are hard to find. We're sure that Adm. Sheehan will be a household word in years to come.

WALTER PETER FLAHERTY
41 Sharon Road
Quincy, Mass.

"I have a better theory, sir!"

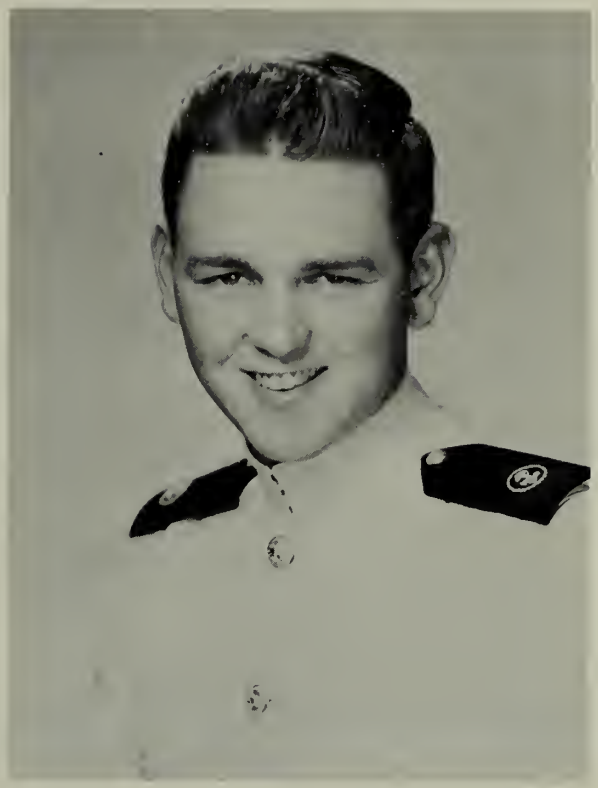
"Walter"

Glee Club 1,2
Newman Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

Several years ago, a young man of decided promise passed through the hallowed ivy portals of MMA with the stride of a matador and the look of an eagle in his eye.

Perhaps this gladiator's righteous indignation and spontaneous verbal revolts, directed at the vagrant were not too well reflected in his navigation marks; but such actions endeared him to his classmates all the more.

Regardless of his one man crusades, Walter has scaled the greatest of obstacles and his classmates can always fish a few laughs out of him. The very best to "Flara" in all his endeavors.



FREDERIC JOSEPH GRADY
199 Lowell Avenue
Newtonville, Massachusetts

"What is life without laughter?"

"Fred"

Bowling Team
Propeller Club
Swimming Team
Shellback

Nobby is the owner of one of those fortunate personalities that enables him to get along with anyone. We were surprised at his ruthless attack on an innocent young bogger but his heinous crime was soon forgotten and his classmates still fail to believe that he is the sadistic fiend that city hall thinks him to be.

When Fred isn't on the messdeck he's squatting over a hot plate somewhere cooking his own food, trying to convince Butch that he eats like a bird and weighs even less.

A conscientious and capable worker, Fred is marked for success.

DOUGLAS MICHAEL O'LEARY
15 Cedar Street
Marblehead, Massachusetts

"Come now, sing; I know you sing well; I see you have a singing face."

"Doug"

Cadet Ensign
Band 1,2,3,
Orchestra 1,2,3
Glee Club 1,2,3
Cross Country 2
Track 2
Propeller Club
Shellback

Doug, one of the North Shore boys, (specifically, Marblehead), entered his life down at the Bay quite prepared for what was ahead, being the brother of an older grad. Thus informed, some of the change was more adaptable to him than for others.

Through his time at M.M.A. Doug began the climb up in the ranks, first as a non-rate, then onward to become Bandmaster of the "M.M.A. Marching Band", then during the first class cruise to become the Acting Leader of First Division.

With this rapid show of advancement of Doug, it is felt he will be very well suited to meet quite a few situations, (maybe a Band Leader, who knows?).

GEORGE PINA, JR.
Tremont Street
Taunton, Mass.

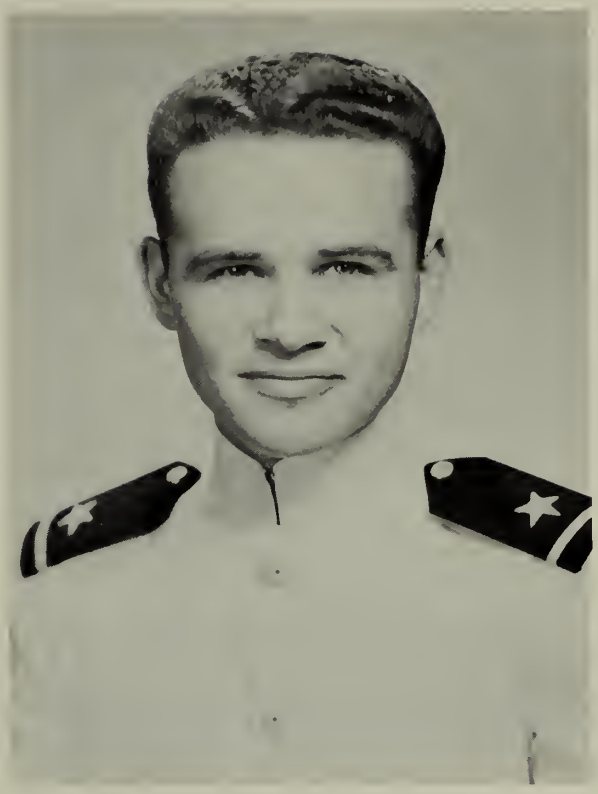
"He speaks plain cannon"

"Jorge"

Cadet Lieutenant
Baseball 2
Basketball 3
Bowling League
Football 1,2,3 (Co-capt.)
King Neptune's Court
Shellback

"I'm George Pina from Taunton, and I'm going to change this place," were the first words uttered by George upon his arrival, his first project being the removal of all tin cans from the academy. Much to George's surprise one of these cans was filled with fuel oil by one of his "Arvid" followers.

By nosing his way through "B" division, George's engineering prowess was noticed and rewarded, much to his surprise (?) as he became leader of Mario's workers. But now with the end near at hand, here's hoping you'll follow some of your own advice, George, and "When in Chile, do as the Chileans do."



KENNETH JOHN BROWN
14 Belton Street
Dorchester, Mass.

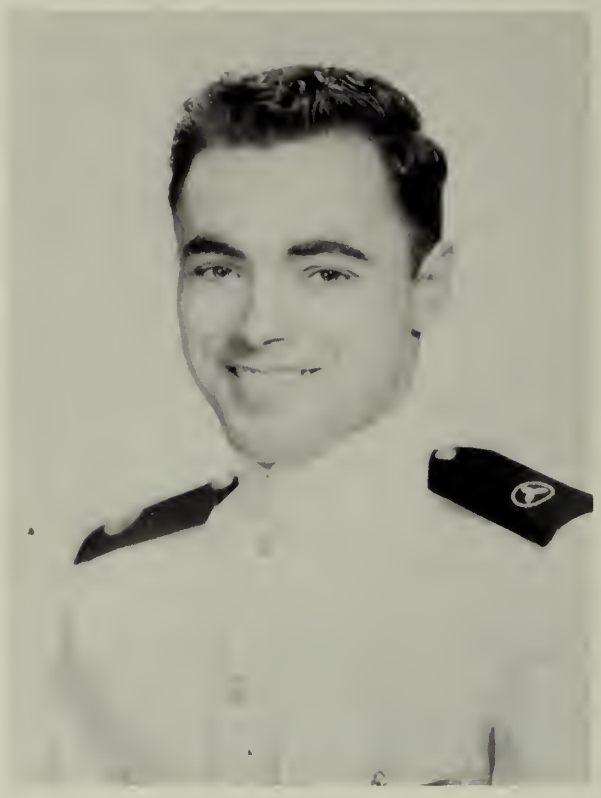
"Big things come in little packages"

"Stump"

Cadet Ensign
Bowling League
Baseball 2,3
Golf 1,2,3
MUSTER Staff
Ring Dance Committee
Shellback

What's that sea bag donig walking across the gangway? You might know, it's Dorchester's answer to Tom Thumb, returnig from liberty.

As a youngie "Stump" wanted to be an Engineer from the word "go." One of his favorite pastimes was delving into the mysteries of steam with his pal, Herby Ellis. Brownie's zeal for engineering continued and he could be found scrutinizing engineering texts during the wee "small" hours. His efforts did not go unnoticed, this year he became Watch II's Cadet Ensign, and we think this, with enough of a certain little lady's cooking, should make **big** things in Ken's future.



ROBERT EDWARD BOLCOME, JR.

31 Perkins Street

Gloucester, Mass.

"Good natured covers a multitude of talent."

"Bob"

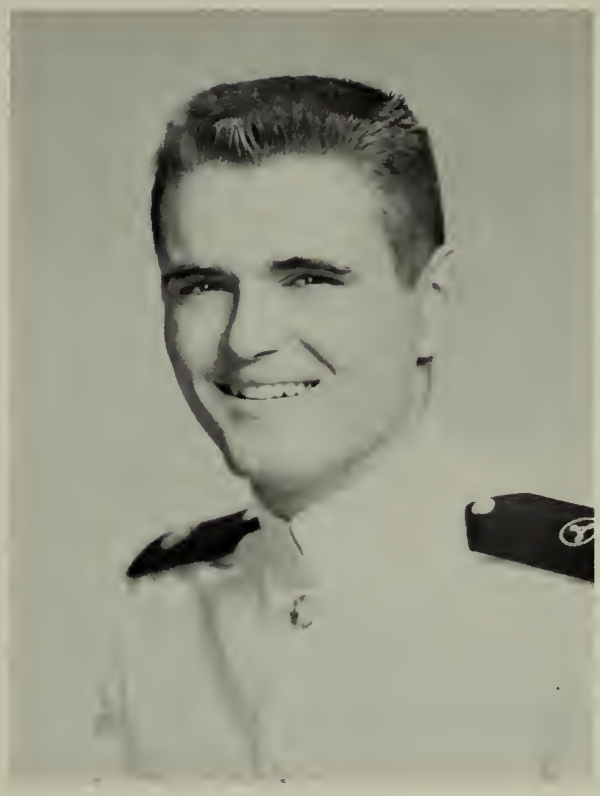
Baseball 1,3
Cross Country 1,2
Capt. Honor Guard
Bowling League
Propeller Club
Ring Dance Committee
Shellback

With a back log of "Esprit De Corps" and many exciting moments in the ring, Gloucester's gift to women embarked on a Maritime sojourn. As a youngie Bob's by-word was cozy, spelled with a capitol C, he was hardly seen by any of us.

During his second class year things were much different, all one had to do was to check either Mr. Pratt's shop or the Diesel Generator room to find Bob's whereabouts.

At the commencement of his first class year Bob had a run in with the L.A.W. while sipping a cup of water, however this did not dampen "Bob's" spirits and after a few months he was back in circulation.

Regardless of what the future holds we are sure that Bob Will make out.



PETER E. McGEE
15 Milton Road
Danvers, Mass.

"Pete"

Baseball 1,2,3 (Capt.)
Basketball 1,2
Bowling League
Football
Golf
King Neptune's Court
Shellback

The greatest infielder since "Bobby Doerr", the greatest basketball player since "Bob Cousy", the greatest half-back since "Hopalong Cassidy", and the greatest Steam Engine's Man since "J. T. McGee." He would have ranked with Snead as a golfer had his stomach not hindered him.

Pete's abilities did not go unnoticed as he received the dubious honor of presiding as one of the Knight's of King Neptune's Court. As his days at the Maritime Acad. draw to a close we wish Pete the best of everything.

JOHN J. SPERO
12 Bear Hill Road
Stoneham, Mass.

"Good cheer is no hindrance to good life"

"Igmooo"

Basketball Mgr.
Cross Country
Bowling League Sect.
Golf Team
MUSTER Staff
Shellback

"Good things come in small packages," so the saying goes, this includes the "best man on the ship, our Mr. Moo." Being small in stature but big in heart soon made Jack the No. 1 for a long time, well over a year. Jack's ability to handle big affairs was rapidly noticed as he traveled along the "Rhodes" to graduation.

Now, as we near the end, let's hope that Jack's quick wit and cheerful smile, along with all his other fine traits will give him the success he deserves.

LAWRENCE JAMES WARD
11 Oakley Street
Dorchester, Mass.

"The slyness of a fox, the wit of a city slicker."

"Fox"

Bowling League
Propeller Club
Century Club
Alpine Club
Let's Back Jack Rally
Yearbook Staff (Literary)
Shellback

"Tally-Ho," the quick **Red**-fox jumped over the lazy counter-man at Ho-Jo's. Larry came to us via Howard Johnson's and Novakoff Bros., his quick wit and his being one of the best dressed members of the class soon endeared him to us. He reached the peak of his career upon joining the Alpine Club, and scampered on to become a member of the Century Club, through no fault of his own, of course.

Foxy's desert boots and strawberry-blond hair made such a hit with certain South American beauties that he has been receiving "Dear Fox" letters since the cruise. Now, with pay dirt within clawing distance we know that Lonnie will speedily emerge at the front of the pack in his chosen field.

SECOND DIVISION DECK

Patrick J. Shields, Cadet Lieutenant

Robert D. Caine, Cadet Ensign

William E. Atkins, Jr.

Thomas P. Campbell

David S. Dwyer

John Frodyma, Jr.

Donald S. Fernald

PATRICK JOHN SHIELDS
62 Turner Road
Scituate, Massachusetts

"Words are for women; deeds, for men."

"Pat"

Cadet Lieutenant
MUSTER Editor
Glee Club
Propeller Club
Shellback
Color Guard

Pat unceremoniously bounced down to M. M.A. on the fateful day of July 29th and started out on his career as a Mariner. Very quiet as a youngie not much was heard from him. But as he moved up in classes and standing, we soon realized that this boy was to be reckoned with.

In the advent of his first class year, Pat found himself with only two stripes and charge of Second Division. Along with his and Allen's help, Second soon shaped up during the cruise.

Of course Pat did have other sides too, as Editor of THE MUSTER. During this time, Pat seemingly spent many a wakeful night with his eyes open keeping watch over us. Then again there is his familiar laugh to remind us of his good humor.

With these assets, Pat should go far in the Merchant Marine.

ROBERT DAVID CAIN
50 Raymond Avenue
Holyoke, Massachusetts

"Those who know him speak highly of him."

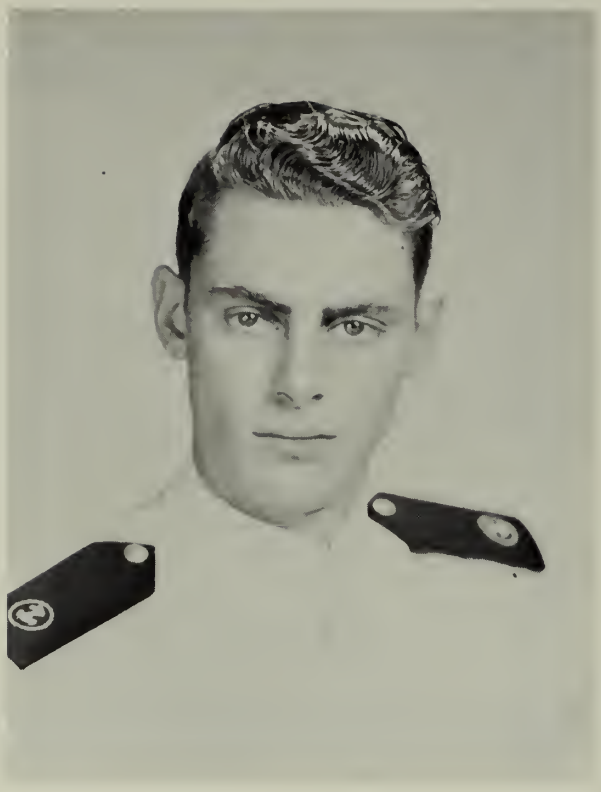
"Marty"

Cadet Ensign
MUSTER Staff
Football
Bowling Team
Swimming Team
Shellback
Propeller Club

What? That? No, that's not a windmill; it's only "Sugar" Cain puffing and 'bowing his way through a crowd. Don't be afraid. Actually he is a well liked, even-tempered fellow. An accent? Yes, you're right, he does have a strange way of pronouncing certain words; we have never quite put our finger on their derivation.

"Booga's" outstanding personality and dry humor have won him the friendship of all who come in contact with him. His hard work and superior scholarship resulted in a stripe in Second Division.

No matter where life's road will lead you, Bob, we are sure success will always be your shipmate. Smooth sailing.



WILLIAM EDWARD ATKINS
21 Garfield Avenue
Saugus, Massachusetts

"A man to challenge the powers of Neptune."

"Bill"

Track 1,2,3
Cross Country 1,2,3
Propeller Club
Rifle Team (Vice President)
Shellback

From the quarterdeck of the Bay State, a small crowd of middies stood watching a lone figure come plodding across the vast wastes of their campus on the morning of 29 July, 1958. As the stranger approached his buckskins, powder horn, and long rifle became plainly visible. From the bottom of the gangway came a, "Howdy, as reckon you bin expecting me. Mah name is Bill Atkins —mah friends call me the 'Deerslayer.' "

His hunting and fishing gear became rusty as Bill diligently applied himself to learning the ways of seamen. His subscription to "Field and Stream" was forgotten as the sea gained another son. To you, Bill, we wish many years of happy sailing.

THOMAS PATRICK CAMPBELL
270 Blue Hills Parkway
Milton, Massachusetts

"Know'st him not by his lively step?"

"Bos'n"

Football Manager 1,2
Propeller Club
Debating Club
Shellback

Into our class zipped the roller derby champ of P-Town, Boats Campbell. Tom could always be found skatin' from one salty job to another. As industrious as he was, he even missed a little liberty in Balboa to slush down the rigging. Without his aid, many a job would have gone undone.

In the classroom, Tom's "common sense" helped him a great deal in ship's construction and many other subjects. With your "know-how". Tom, you'll go a long way.

DAVID STEPHEN DWYER
15 Cushing Street
Salem, Massachusetts

"Modesty and unselfishness—
virtues which men praise."

"Rhee"

Band 1,2,3
Basketball 1,2
Propeller Club
Swimming Team
Shellback

On July 29, 1958, a middie noticed a rickshaw parked between the quonset huts and upon further inspection discovered a sleeping Oriental within. He awakened the occupant and asked what he was doing there. "Wantee go school—be sailah!" was the reply and Rhee is still with us .... still sleeping too.

Dave's easy going manner and bland personality has endeared him to all of us. Certain Panama Canal pilots won't agree but we think we could find no better shipmate. Quick with a smile or a "Ba-ba-bung", Dave has earned many friends and deserves the best of luck in his career.

JOHN FRODYMA, JR.
63 Valentine Street
New Bedford, Massachusetts

"An affable and courteous gentleman."

"John"

Newman Club
MUSTER Staff
Propeller Club
Shellback
Football 1,2

The most frightening sight we beheld upon our arrival at M.M.A. was that of a huge grizzly stalking about the ship. It seldom growled but frequently burst into song. We found out that this was Johnny from "Beffa" and that he was one of the best satired bears in the world. His wide grin is a familiar sight and many are the vanities he has flattered by his "You're looking good:"

Johnny has more than his share of salts and less than his share of worries. We're sure that his career will be a long and happy one.

DONALD STEVEN FERNALD
16 Eldridge Court
Hingham, Mass.

"Bid me discourse, I'll enchant thy ear."

"Don"

MUSTER Staff
Horizontal Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

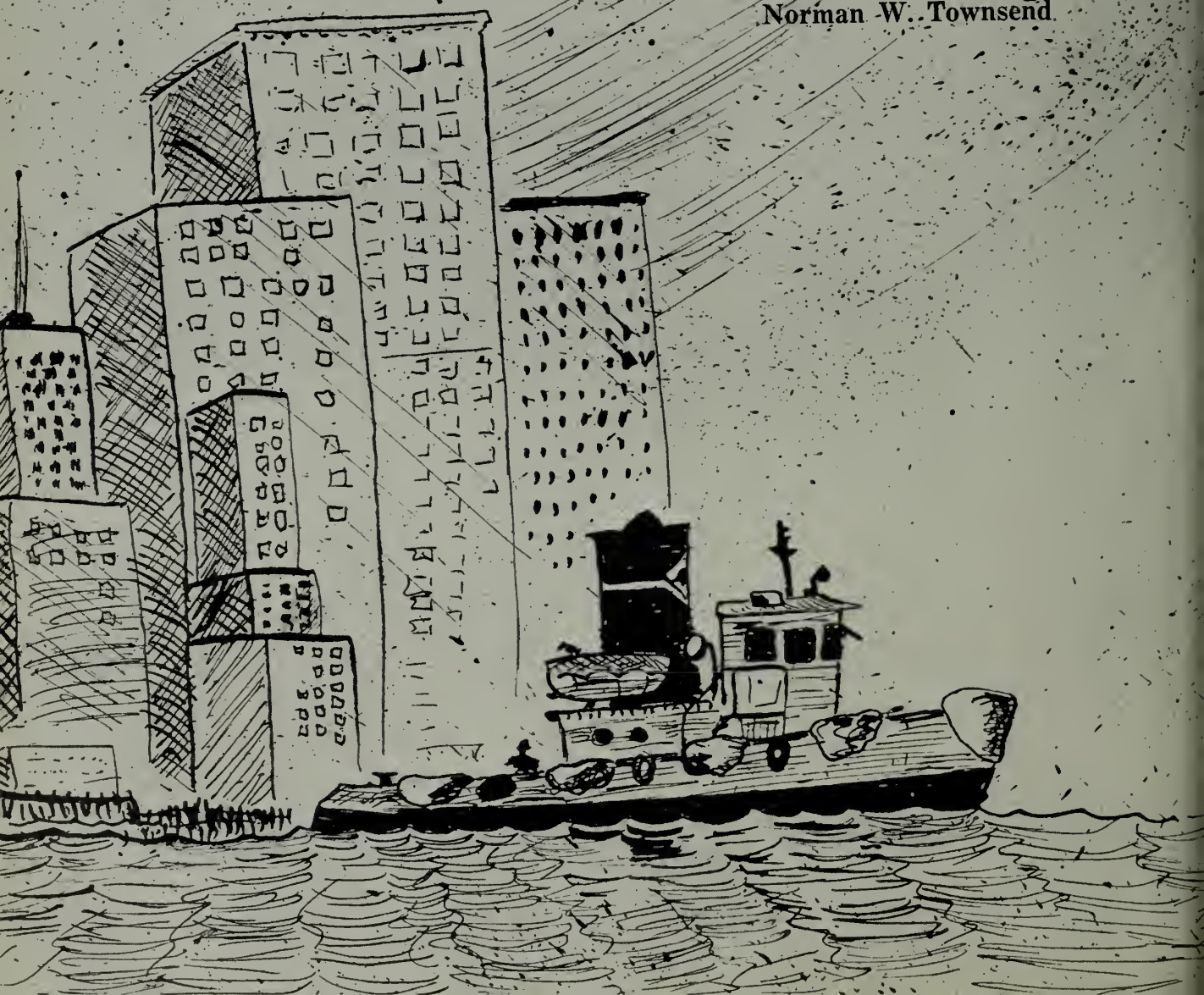
Soon after our arrival at the Bay, Don's remarkable talent for the spoken word made him the center of our debating society. Many a gathering was brightened by the "Fernald Fantasies" as his imaginative meanderings transported his eager listeners to worlds of wonder and excitement. "Hingham's Homer" was at his best when his dagger dialogue shedded its disguise of flowers and lashed out at the inhabitants of officers' country.

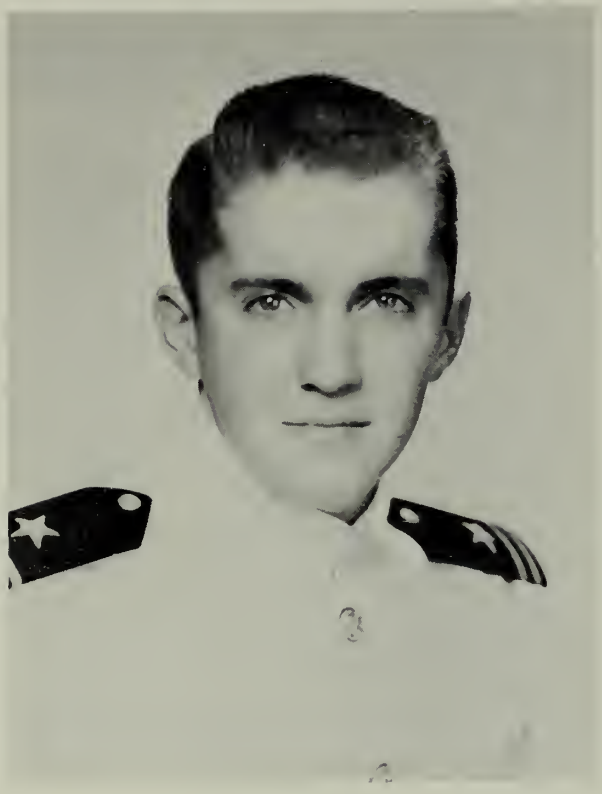
He has one eccentricity, every now and then he will gaze at a photograph of a beautiful young lady whose forehead was stencilled "My Mary."

His good humor, sharp intelligence, and plain common sense have marked him for a prosperous future.

WATCH III ENGINEERING

Alfred L. Farrell, Jr., Cadet Lieutenant
Donald A. Whitney, Cadet Ensign
Theodore J. Farrell
William J. Gardner
John E. King
Benjamin S. Quimby
Norman W. Townsend





ALFRED L. FARRELL, JR.
14 Davis Street
Sommerset, Mass.

"Let me borrow your flashlight, Stetson."

"Lennie"

Cadet Lieutenant
Baseball 1,2,3
Basketball 1,2,3
Bowling League
Retread Division
Shellback

Thankful to "City Hall" for a good shake, Lennie set out to prove he was worthy. A leader in marks and a leader across the quarterdeck, Lennie still had time for basketball. The team of "Clem" and "Len" is remembered by anyone who wished to sleep eight hours a night.

As a reward for his aptitude in electronics, Zipper became Cadet Lieutenant and chief re-bulber in Electrical Division.

During his stay within these sacred "bulkheads", Lennie has become quite adept with certain games of chance, and we know that whatever fate holds in store for him Lennie can, with a spin of the wheel or a roll of the dice, always come up with a winner.

DONALD ALLEN WHITNEY
14 Manatee Road
E. Weymouth, Mass.

"With my tuba I'll be heard"

"Don"

Cadet Ensign
Band
Baseball
Golf Team
Glee Club
Bowling League
Chairman Ring Dance Committee
Shellback

Straight from the halls of Northeastern University comes our "fireball ensign" of Watch III, Don Whitney. With a background from N. U. and a thorough knowledge of the opposite sex, many of Don's Sunday night tales are fast becoming legends.

"Remember the Sheraton Plaza" was the cry frequently heard from the first classmen after the "60" Ring Dance; only through Don's endless efforts did we acquire the Sheraton Plaza ballroom (and Bar) located only five minutes from Storyville, an outstanding feature, according to Don.

Although our senior, by a year or two, Don has always given his classmates the "Straight Scoop". We have respect for a man with perseverance, good luck, Don.

THEODORE J. FARRELL
66 Central Street
Mansfield, Mass.

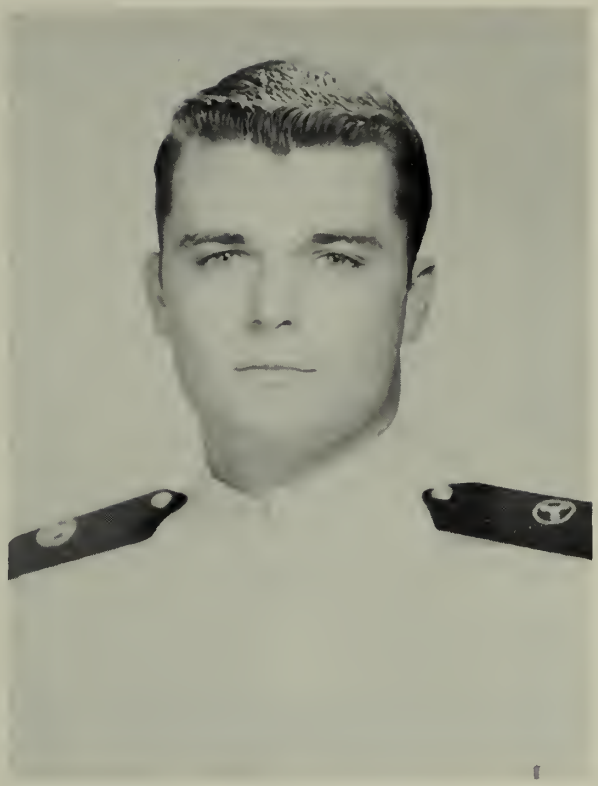
"Sigh no more, my ladies, sigh no more"

"Teddy"

Bowling
Swimming
Tennis
Weight Lifting
Ring Committee
MUSTER Staff—Art
Shellback

"Say isn't that Tony Curtis over there in front of the boiler?" "Heck no, that's our own Ted Farrell changing burners." Mansfield's answer to a Brylcream Ad could often be found, with pipe in hand, pouring over his sketch pad in order to enhance our yearbook.

Being a direct descendant of Charles Atlas made Teddy a natural for the most improved figure award of the year. In addition, Ted was tops scholastically for a term, we're sure with his ability and charm, Ted will have the world on a string.



WILLIAM JOHN GARDNER
55 Fairview Avenue
Lynnfield, Mass.

"A bear among ladies is a most dreadful thing"

"Bill"

Football 1,2,3
Golf Team
Swimming Team
Alpine Club
Propeller Club
Shellback

Out of the briny deep, that fateful day in July, came North Shore's gift to Emily Post. Bill soon proved his lust for college life by spending many of his first weekends aboard as a guest of a certain Mr. Z.

Following his idol, George Custer, Bill did a whale of a job with every task that he undertook about the engineering spaces. As a Watch III stalwart, Bill could often be seen, explaining to "Hank", his theories on voltage regulators, car generators and rubber bags.

With his forceful personality Bill should succeed in any or everything that he attempts in the future. Good luck, Bill.

JOHN EDWARD KING
455 Plymouth Street
East Bridgewater, Mass.

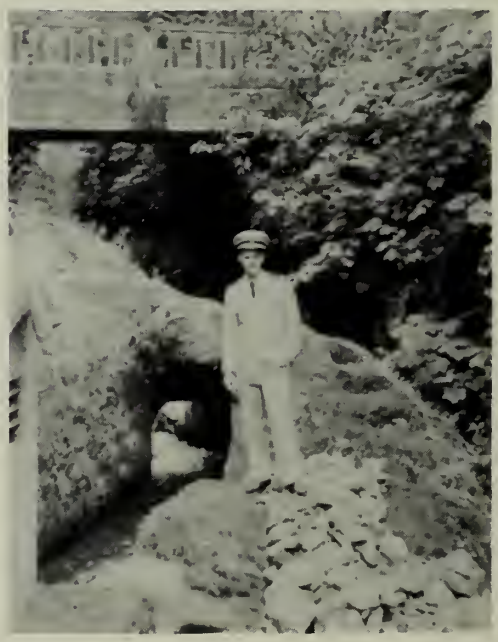
"He is a gentleman from crown to heel"

"Senor Rex"

Bowling League
Tennis Team
Honor Guard
MUSTER Staff
Century Club
Shellback

"Say, is that guy with the red face really an upper-job?" This is the question that many young men asked each other. Sky was one of the more inconspicuous members of the class until he won a three week vacation sponsored by Carlings Brewery. No matter what kind of situation arose, John was always sure to get in his "Penny's worth."

Senor Rex could always be counted on for choice tidbits in nightly conversation in the compartment. With graduation drawing near, the big choice must be made; the Merchies or the Insurance Co. and Emmanuel.



BENJAMIN QUIMBY
Pocasset, Mass.

"Joking decides great things"

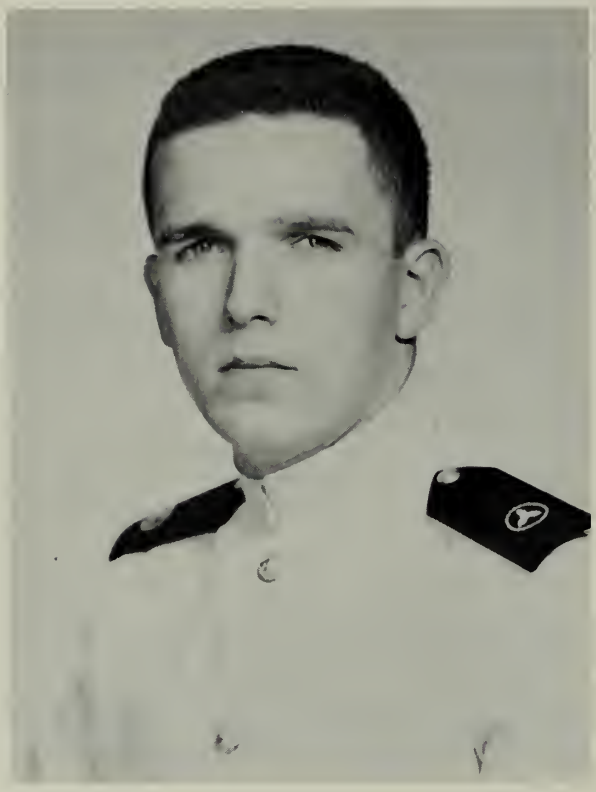
"Ben"

Baseball 1,2,3
Bowling League President
Football 1,2
Golf 2,3
Swimming
Boggers Inc.
Shellback

Descending on us from the realms of physical education at the Univ. of Mass., Quimba hopped into the swing of things early and barely missed having to stay late.

As a staff member of the Spanish American Relations Board "El Sapo" became an honorary member of the Valencia Beach Club. Never one to pass up an opportunity of nocturnal activities, Ben became an ardent fan of the Valpo After Hours Club.

Malingering in the third class compartment one "Schlick" evening but a "Cease" to his activities for a while. Now back in the schwing of things, Toad may prove to be a strong finisher, let's hope so.



NORMAN WAYNE TOWNSEND
19 Foley Beach Road
Hingham, Mass.

"A friend and athlete; Who needs more?"

"Norm"

Baseball 1
Football 1,2,3
Bowling League
Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Shellback

Quarterbacking his way from Hingham to the sand dunes of Taylor's Point proved no great feat for Normie. He went on to become the key of M.M.A.'s football squad and in his first class year was elected as co-captain of the football team.

Norm seems to be devoting a good part of his time to a certain young lady from Hingham, although he keeps pretty quiet about her we think there's more to it than meets the eye.

Since receiving the word from the "Head" of the engineering department, Normie has been holding his nose to the grindstone. With his will and drive, we know he will succeed, in both fields.

THIRD DIVISION DECK

Walter A. Dempsey, Cadet Lieutenant

Chester R. Hartshorn, Cadet Ensign

Cormac J. Dillon

Barry O. Fuller

Mark L. Halloran

David VanUmmerson

WALTER ANTHONY DEMPSEY
7 Montana Road
Hopkinton, Massachusetts

"Once in a thousand years a character appears."

"Jack"

Cadet Lieutenant
Class Treasurer
Propeller Club
Shellback
Football 1,2,3

"Say .... you there, boy! Come hither! Take my baggage to my room and tell the Colonel, Captain, or whatever he is, that I, Walter Dempsey, have reported aboard. Hurry now! What? You want me to get at a brace? You're a first classman you say? Yes sir! No sir, I can't make any more chins, sir."

After Jack's introduction to M.M.A., he virtually disappeared for a year, but the second one was very busy. Football, classes, work, a nurse, and a nocturnal visit to the Admiral's cabin almost got the best of our Jack. A well deserved two stripes were his rewards for a job well done. Good luck, Jack.

CHESTER ROBERT HARTSHORN

257 Pleasant Street

Norwood, Massachusetts

"The strength of twenty men."

"Chet"

Cadet Ensign
Glee Club
MUSTER Staff
Propeller Club
Shellback

Out of the wild's of Norwood and Hampton Beach entered a boy who started a body building course that soon rivaled Charles Atlas. Around the weights, on deck, and in class, Bob soon proved himself an old salt.

On liberty his hat-hunting expeditions and many feats of strength became well known. In New York, his run-in with the intellectuals at the village won't be forgotten.

For his ability, he was awarded the one stripe (more or less), in happy valley. With it in hand he soon became the whiz-kid of the Good-Time Charlie. With all this, Bob can't help but to do well.

CORMAC JAMES DILLON
Main Street
West Barnstable, Massachusetts

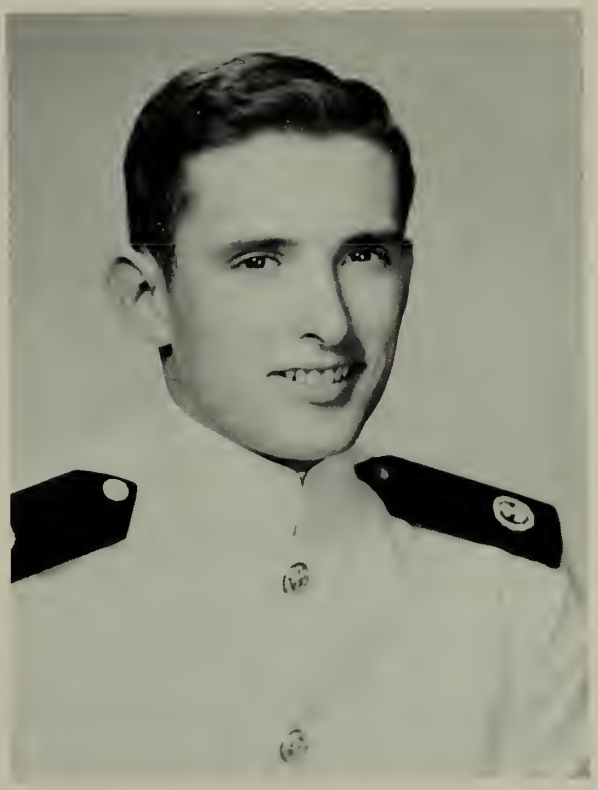
"Local lad makes good."

"Matt"

Swimming Team
MUSTER Staff
Glee Club 1
Propeller Club
Shellback

It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's Flash Dillon. This Barnstable Astronaut careened to a halt on the Bay State's quarterdeck and in his rushing way commenced his career at the College of Nautical Knowledge. Matt proved himself to be a good student and soon we found ourselves being pelted by the vast store of facts that he had amassed in his native bogs.

A serious seaman and a good shipmate, Matt leaves here with many friends and the assurance of a profitable future.



BARRY OSBERT FULLER
132 Williams Street
Taunton, Massachusetts

"There is not true genius without a mixture of madness."

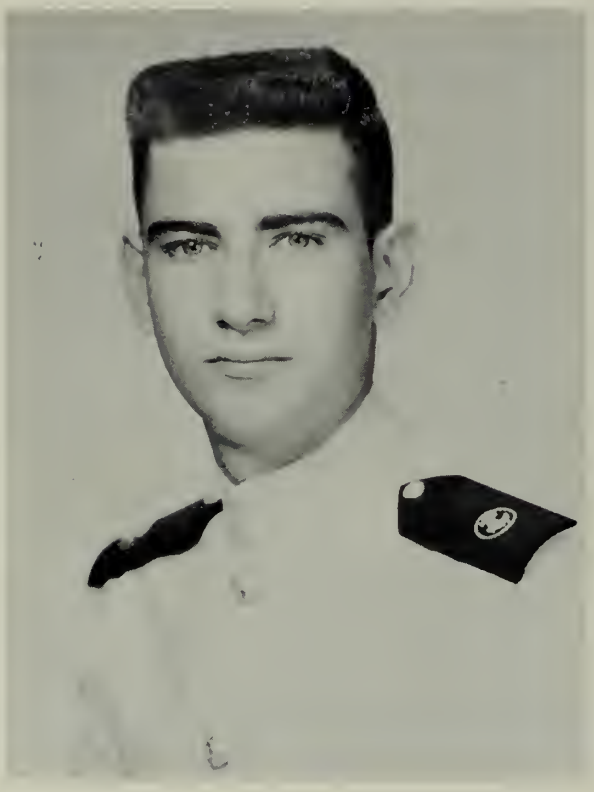
"Barry"

Propeller Club
Bowling Team
Shellback
Horseshoe Team

A small figure, timid and bewildered, stood surrounded by a circle of ferocious M.M.A. first classmen on the quarterdeck of the U.S.T.S. Bay State that fateful morning we remember so well. "But sir, I can't stand on my head; that's hazing and besides, it makes my ears ring," said Barry-O, as he was led to the bilges of his new home.

He will always be remembered as the sophisticated traveller who so openly displayed his love for animals; he who told us, "Thees ees the Panama Canal!"

Barry's versatile personality and outlook should give him a head start in finding a prosperous future awaiting him.



MARK LEE HALLORAN
28 Richardson Avenue
Wakefield, Massachusetts

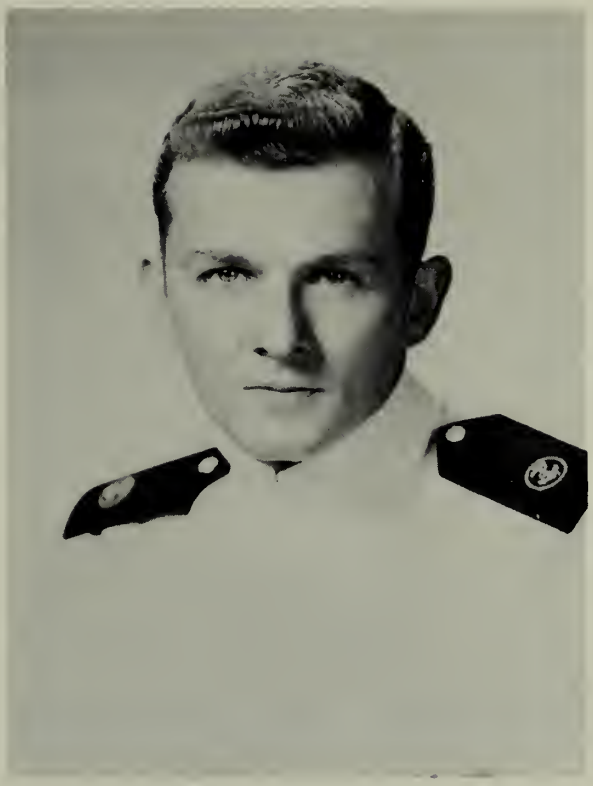
"Wit and wisdom are seldom seen together."

"Marcus"

Honor Guard
Band 3
Swimming Team
Bowling Team
Ring Dance Committee
Propeller Club
Shellback

"So then this millionaire takes me to his mansion and introduces me to his lovely blond daughter. 'Mark', he says, 'Here's a C note. Take it, my daughter and my car and have a good time tonight.'" Stories such as these fill the compartment every time that Marcus returns from cruise liberty. Good fortune seems to follow Marcus like a faithful dog. With his silver horseshoe and silver tongue he can't help but to make out.

Mark's razor wit and quick retorts discourages even Charlie from joining with him in verbal arguments. As a friend, as a companion, or as a seaman, Mark has proven himself a valuable shipmate.



DAVID VANUMMERSON
4 Herrick Street
Winchester, Massachusetts

"Van"

Class Barber
Propeller Club
Debating Team
Shellback

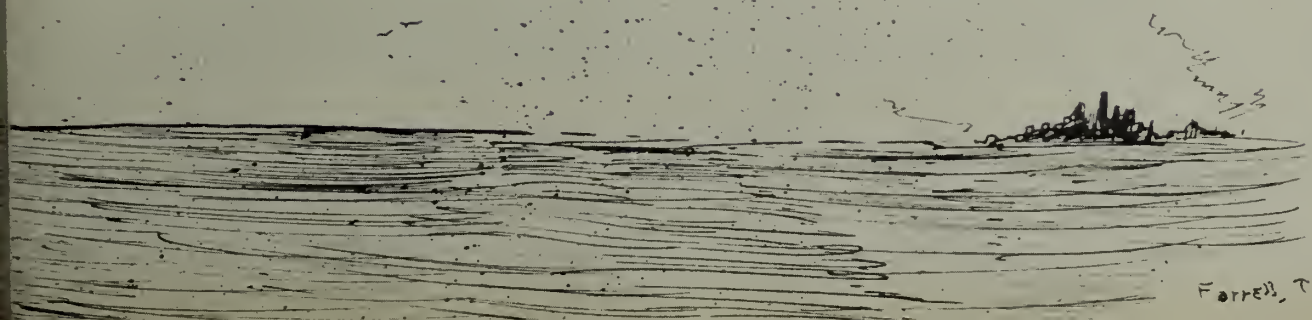
From the Hamlet of Winchester, a young man drove his way down to M.M.A. to be appointed the role of one of the class barbers. Van cut down men twice his size on many an occasion. Along with this, his ability as the class bugler soon became a well known sound throughout the ship.

During the first class year, Van came down from the Navy Division to enlighten Happy Valley to his ways. As a helmsman, Dave could never be accused of being short-sighted even though in the Panama Canal a few wooden platforms did disappear and were discovered on the bridge after his watch.

Van with his know-how will always look-up to his goals and fulfill them.

WATCH IV ENGINEERING

Anthony J. R. LaPreste, Cadet Lieutenant
Augustin D. Bourneuf, Jr. Cadet Ensign
John R. Deschamps
Robert J. Donahue
John H. McNichol
Richard E. Trudell



Farrell, T.

ANTHONY JOHN LaPRESTE

46 Purchase Street

Milford, Mass.

"This was the noblest Roman of all!"

"Buster"

Cadet Lieutenant

Bowling League

Tennis Team

Propeller Club

MUSTER Staff—Advertising Agent

Shellback

Our own private import from sunny Italy ventured forth to MMA in order to sample Lasagna at Anteen's Canteen. Boy, was he shocked! That famous cry, "Give Me Liberty Or Give Me Death", could often be heard echoing forth from Buster's bunk.

Even though he hava harda tima ta spika da Inglis, Buster did á fine job as advertising manager of the yearbook and as Cadet Lieutenant of Watch IV. Now with the choice between Humble Oil and a certain young lady coming soon, here's hoping that Tony's heart has a mind of its own.

AUGUSTINE D.
BOURNEUFF, JR.

Eastern Point

Gloucester, Mass.

"Run silent, Run deep . . . . . down the home stretch"

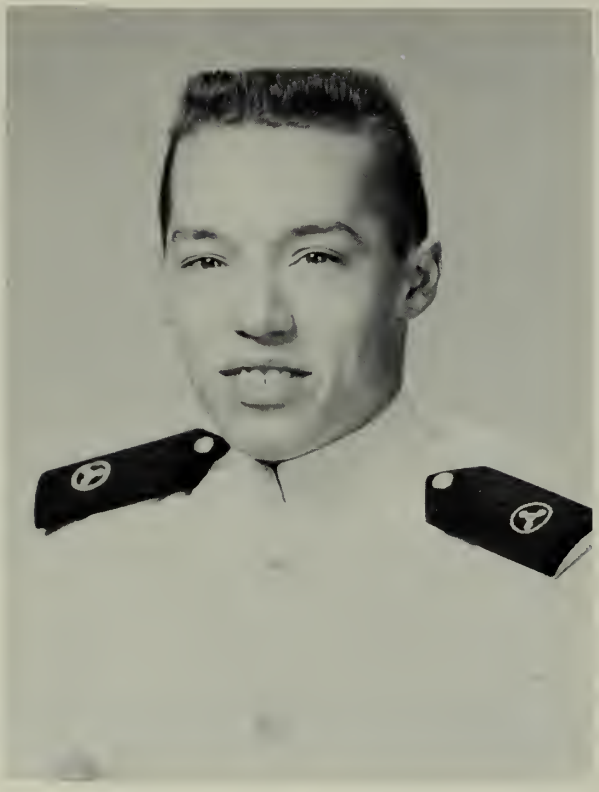
"Nash"

Cadet Ensign
Bowling League
Propeller Club
Honor Guard
MUSTER Staff (Writer)
Shellback

Racing down from the blue grass country of Gloucester, Gus decided to bed down at MMA. Getting to a rapid start, "Nash" was the pace setter in the race toward recognition. Much to our surprise the "Big Fella" obtained previous salts by fishing off the grand banks.

It was often heard that "Nash" believed Palma de Mallorca to be one of the world's most "beautiful" spots.

Gus's undying efforts to put forth the yearbook have been appreciated as much as he appreciates his Alma Matta. So with a hearty "Hi Oh Bourney", we predict success in your gallop toward fame and fortune.



JOHN ROBERT DESCHAMPS
Bridge Road
Eastham, Mass.

"Ah—So! You surprised I speak your language."

"Tanaka"

Baseball 1,2,3
Bowling League
Propeller Club
Honor Guard
Gangway A. C.
Shellback

"What, no side boys! Have you no respect for the direct descendant of Admiral Tanaka?" Thus began the career of the big spender from far Eastham as an irrigation engineer.

The transition from Chop Sticks and Kimonos to Silver Ware and Khakis gave our foreign exchange student a new outlook on college life. In order to study our customs more closely, many week-ends were spent at the Univ. of Mass.

Baseball, being Japan's national sport, made Tanaka a valuable asset to our diamond men. His prowess with gangways and use of dry-heaving lines made Jack one of the more versatile snipes.

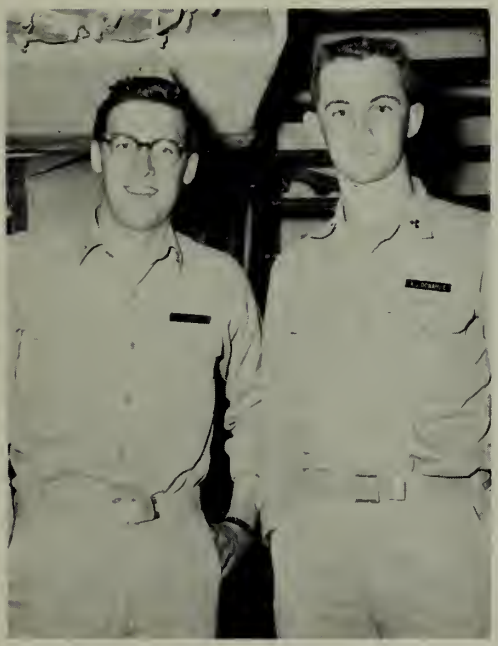
To a friend indeed, we know that the future holds nothing but the finest for you.

ROBERT JOSEPH DONAHUE
46 Churchill Street
Milton, Mass.

"This place is great"

"Quetzal"

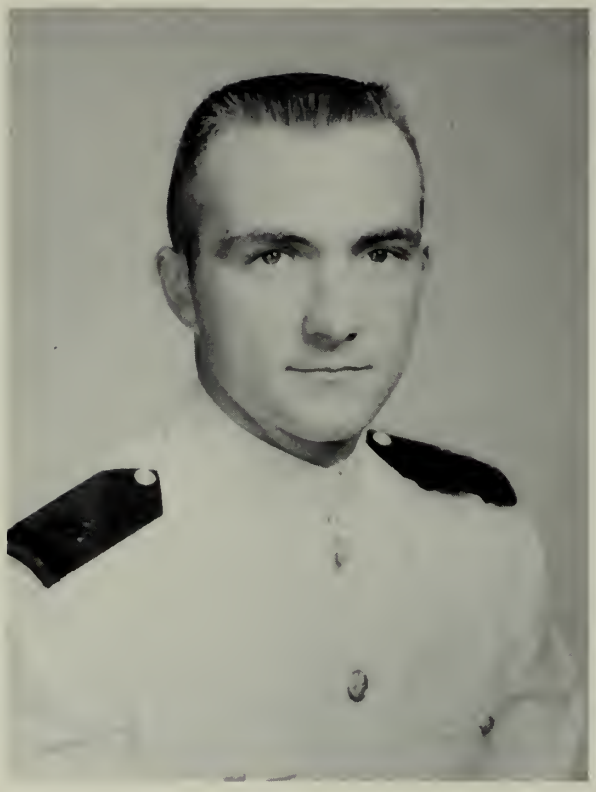
Alpine Club
MUSTER Staff
Retread Division
Rifle Club
Ring Dance Committee
Shellback



"It's a bird, it's a plane—yes, folks, it's the original Quetzal bird."

Milton's favorite son descended upon our ivy covered gangway and decided to stay for a while. Having a little more sea time and experience than most of us, Quetzal appreciated M.M.A. more than the average Middy.

As a charter member of the Alpine Club, Bob could often be found discussing the Pines with Fox and Farouk. Now with your time elapsing quickly at these hallowed halls, we wish you "Mucho Rapido" towards your Chief's and keep them flying.



JOHN H. McNICHOL
714 Lowell Street
W. Peabody, Mass.

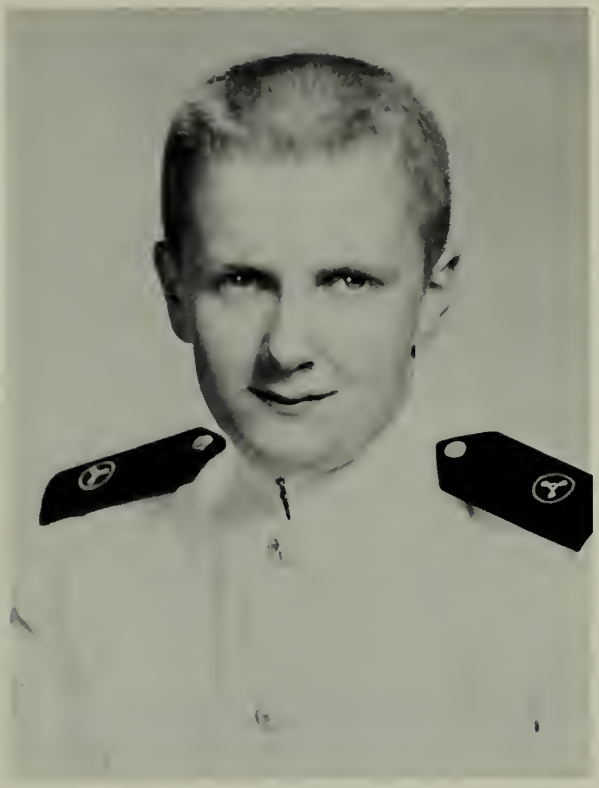
"Life is a jest and all things show it"

"Mack"

Baseball 1,2,3
Basketball 3
Football 3
Horizontal Club
Shellback

ZZZ . . . . . ZZZZ "Hey Mack, wake up, it's almost time to graduate." From the beginning Mack proved to be the ladies' man of the class and many a night was spent listening to the strains of "I'll Marry That Girl Someday". Ranking high among his achievements, was his proficiency as "DesDiv's" outstanding watchstander. John's Irish really came out on the cruise when, more often than not, he could be found wearing the traditional "Green".

Mack is bound to succeed in any field he chooses to enter because of all the energy he has been storing up during his three year vacation on the cape.



RICHARD E. TRUDELL
4 Rhode Circle
Hingham, Mass.

"Truly a cheerful cherub"

"Fubardell"

Bowling League
Propeller Club
Horizontal Club
Watch 4 Old Guard
Shellback

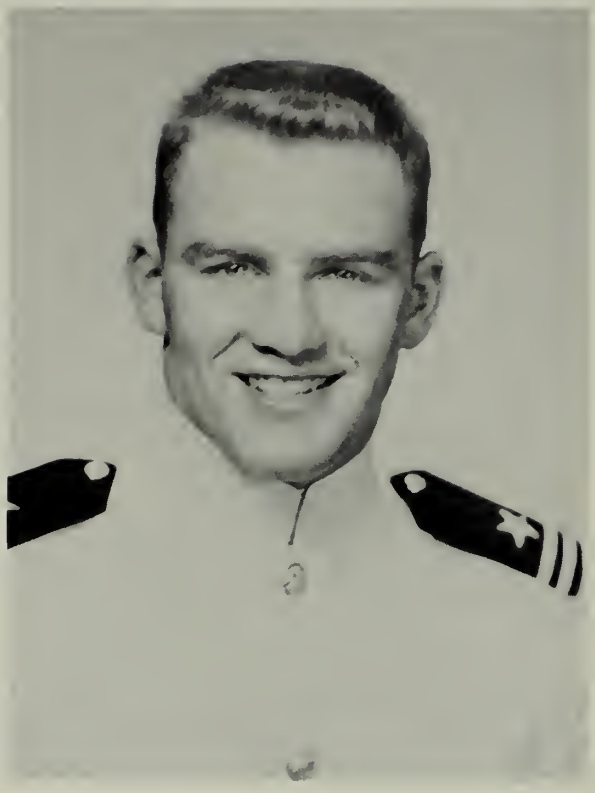
One of the more robust members of the class, Fubar hails from Hingham, only a stone's throw away. His first year proved quite a chore for Myrt, curbing his appetite for a while, however, with the help of Anteens' Canteen and Bobby Jobby, Fubar has once again managed to acquire his original stature.

Dick's close acquaintance with his classmates put him in some hot water during last year's cruise, but Dick managed to wiggle out of the jam. Throughout the cruise, during his spare time, Myrt could usually be found cooling off in his bunk.

We know Dick will carry the M.M.A. sword to new heights in the coming years, best of luck.

NAVIGATION

Theodore A. Butler
Paul M. Hureau



THEODORE ALFRED BUTLER

360 Nahant Road

Nahant, Massachusetts

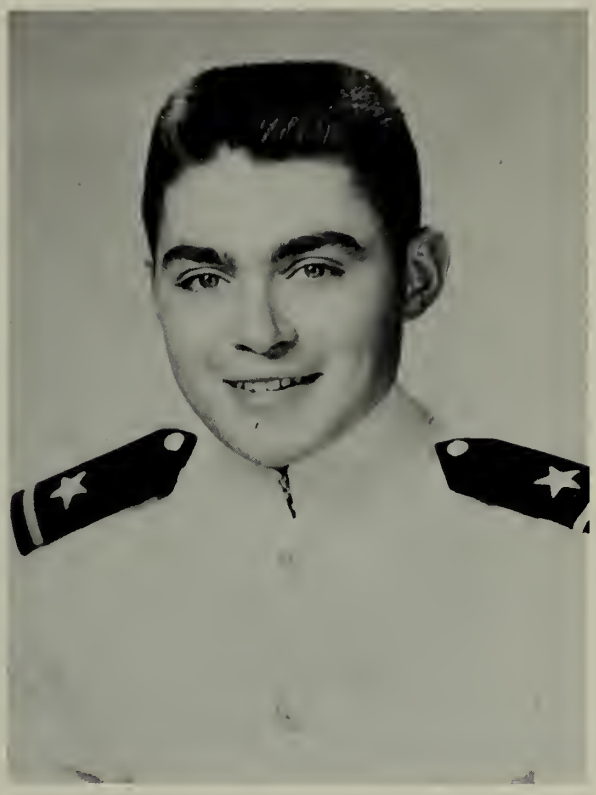
"Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery."

"Teddy"

Cadet Lieutenant
MUSTER Staff
Football 1,2,3
Baseball 1,2,3
Ring Dance Committee
Swimming Team
Propeller Club
Shellback

Ted came to the bogs seeking refuge from a group of anthropologists who thought he was the missing link. He hid in the chart room and disguised himself as a cadet lieutenant. Soon the Nahan Neaesthal proved himself to be worthy of his stripes and Billy let him keep them.

When Charlie isn't bashing his way around the ship his "sore" is bashing its way to the North Shore pausing only to drain a gas station or devour a Volkswagen. His vast store of salts and aptitude for whatever he tackles will definitely insure his success in the Merchant Marine. Good luck, Ted!



PAUL MAYNARD HUREAU
22 Endicott Road
Stoneham, Massachusetts

"Quietly he makes his way."

"Paul"

Cadet Ensign
Bowling Team
Propeller Club
Swimming Team
Glee Club 1,2
Shellback

Into the fog-shrouded waters of the bay came a Huron Indian with the ability of a seaman. So astute was his ability that he soon became known as "Rip". Weighed down by his marlinspike and gear, Paul soon showed that Indians, too, can become seamen.

With this in mind, we soon watched Paul scalp down one stripe in Navigation Division. With this he soon became the Ensign of NavSci class and an able navigator.

Coupled with his designer's eye and "Rod" magazine, Paul will go a long way, with the Gray Line?

SECOND CLASS

DECK

FRONT ROW: Flynn, Huyghe, Cashman, Bartlett, Richards, Telles. SECOND ROW: Sweeney, Campbell, Byrne, Mallett, Timoney, Dennis, Redman, McClellan, Warren, Howes, Lopes, Ascolillo.

ENGINE

FRONT ROW: Dolan, Reilly, Cavanaugh, Leonard, Hennigan, Pronack. SECOND ROW: Mooney, Aylesbury, Stack, Grady, Doherty, West. THIRD ROW: Tautkus, Cheyne, Nolet, Haley, Sundquist, O'Sullivan, Dewis, O'Brien, Richt, Thibedeau.

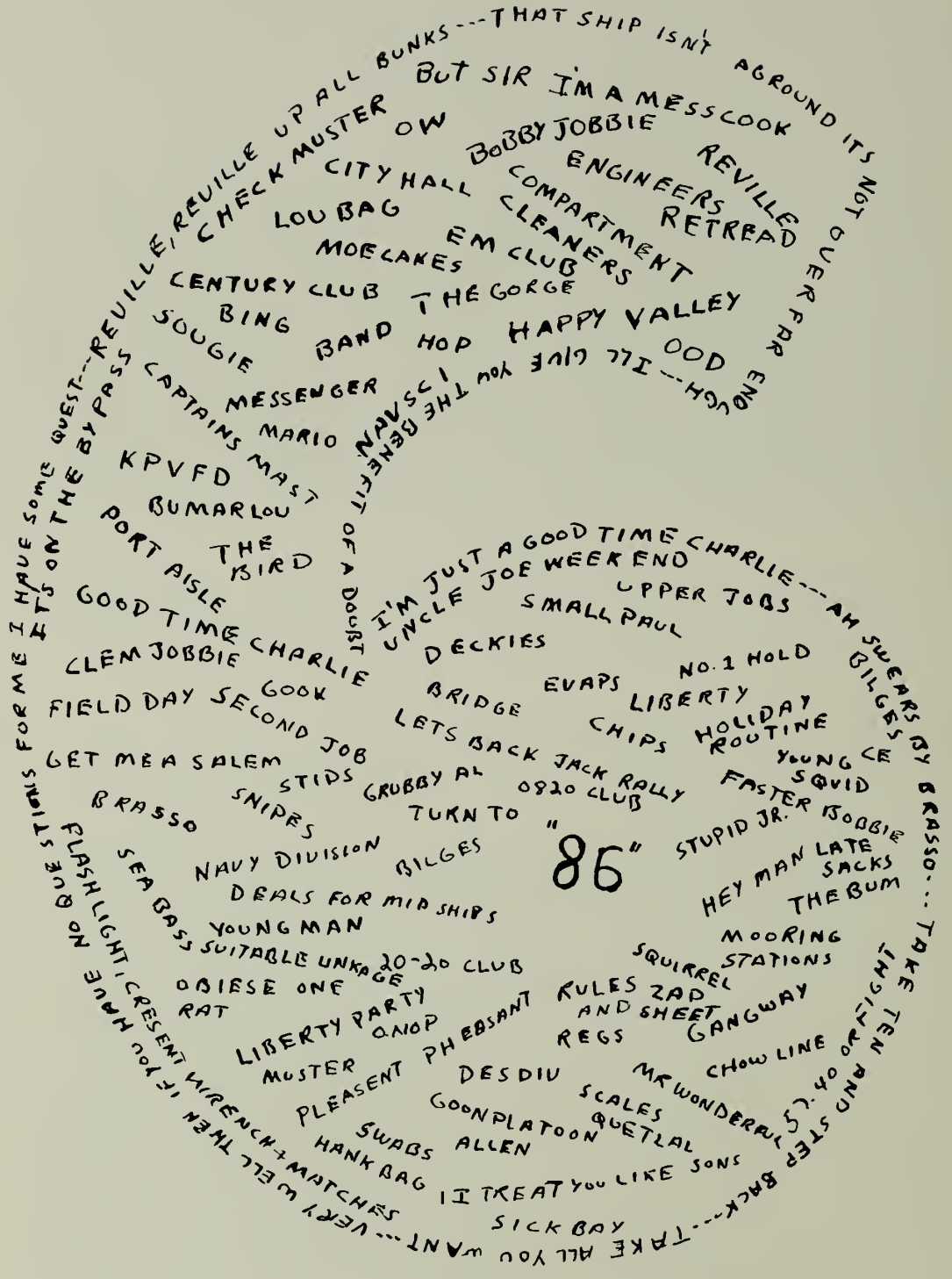
THIRD CLASS

GROUP A

FRONT ROW: Fenton, Coughlin, Gilmore, Granger, Duprey, Elfbaum, Avakian, Grinnell, Anderson. SECOND ROW: Barker, Field, Hobson, McGillen, Glynn, Goyette, Coyne, Arnett, Butler, Baraldi, Haggerty. THIRD ROW: Gillis, Cass, Hatch, Hanhisalo, Winroth, Byrne, Dolan, Coupal, Cronin, Hancock, Clemson, Brace, Flanagan, Hoey, Harkins, Bruce, Graham.

GROUP B

FIRST ROW: Meuse, Jones, Travers, R., Kieley, Volkin, Kelley, Landry, J., Travers, W. SECOND ROW: Leonard, Holmstrom, West, Trainor, Wingate, Kenny, McClellan, Woronka, Stone, Brierley, Keiley, Steverman. THIRD ROW: Lamb, Wright, Robbis, Lawrence, Thorup, Pickering, Schadhauser, Simpson, Walsh, Landry, D., Muldowney, Newton, Hull, Kimball, Strudas, Rodes.


"86"
REVILLE, REVILLE UP ALL BUNKS---THAT SHIP ISN'T AGROUND ITS NOT OVER FOR
BUT SIR I'M A MESSCOOK
BOBBY JOBBIE
REVILLED
ENGINEERS
RETREAD
COMPARTMENT
CLEANERS
EM CLUB
THE GORGE
HAPPY VALLEY
OOD
I'LL GIVE YOU THE BENEFIT OF A DOUBT
NAVSCI
ENOUGH---
CHECK MUSTER
OW
CITY HALL
LOU BAG
MOECAKES
CENTURY CLUB
BING
SOUGIE
BAND
HOP
CAPTAINS MAST
MESSENGER
MARIO
KPVFD
BUMARLOU
THE BIRD
PORT AISLE
GOOD TIME CHARLIE
CLEM JOBBIE
GOOK
FIELD DAY
SECOND JOB
GET ME A SALEM
STIDS
BRASSO
SNIPES
NAVY DIVISION
BILGES
DEALS FOR MID SHIPS
YOUNG MAN
SUITABLE UNKAGE
20-20 CLUB
OBIESE ONE
RAT
LIBERTY PARTY
QUOP
MUSTER
PHEBSANT
PLEASENT
SWABS
HANK BAG
ALLEN
GOONPLATOON
DESDIU
SCALES
QUETLAL
MR WONDERFUL
I TREAT YOU LIKE SONS
SICK BAY
---TAKE ALL YOU WANT---VERY WELL THEN IF YOU HAVE NO QUESTIONS FOR ME I HAVE SOME QUEST
IT'S ON THE BY PASS
I'M JUST A GOOD TIME CHARLIE---AM SWEARS BY BRASSO...TAKE TEN
UNCLE JOE WEEK END
UPPER JOBS
SMALL PAUL
DECKIES
NO. 1 HOLD
EVAPS
LIBERTY
BRIDGE
CHIPS
HOLIDAY
ROUTINE
LETS BACK JACK RALLY
YOUNG CE
SQUID
FASTER BOBBIE
0820 CLUB
GRUBBY AL
TURN TO
STUPID JR.
HEY MAN LATE
SACKS
THE BUM
MOORING
STATIONS
SQUIRREL
RULES ZAD
AND SHEET
GANGWAY
REGS
CHOW LINE
RUN STEP BACK---
40 C.C.
TIGHT
FLASHLIGHT, CRESENT WRENCH + MATCHES

KNOW AND I
ES POSSIBE
NOW SHUNS -- YOU
KNOCK OFF WORK
FIRST CALL
L.A.W.
THE DUTY
KONTIKI
SKYLARKING C.P.O.
YOU'RE DOWN
NO VISITORS
1-50 LIST
22 MAN
DUTY
BASHER
SICK CALL
BOSUN
NIGHT RIDERS
REC DECK
THE FUNCTIONS
YOU RATE IT
THE HEADS
BATTERY
HALL
THE ROOST
RINGDANCE
HI-FI OTTO
CHIPS ARE DOWN
MECHINICAL PIG
THE FAMINE
STUMP
THE PIER
WARD ROOM
KNICK OFF
BAY STATE MAEU
I GOTMINE
HORNY
THURSDAY
MISSISSIPPI
MAINTENANCE
IS IT SO HARD
QUIZ
PAUL PAL
LEAVE PERIOD
KANGAROO
COURT
MORNING
FORMATION
BOGGERS
RR
MOLLY
QUARINTINE
29.92
BLUE FLAME
HEADMAN
HONEST AL
NOW HEAR THIS
TAPS, SACKS
THE
BUNK
MADE LITTLE GREEN AP
PLES--- AS YOU WAS GE
NTLEMEN --- UMPTY UMP THERE
STAND BY-LAD
AKE UP YEHOUDI---
MESS DECK
KNOW --- WHO ARE THE COMPA
HUNAY LIBERTY
MENT CLEANERS---
HORIZONTAL CLUB
LAK FO' ROWS OF CORN AS SORE AS I
SHIPS OFFICE
RO SINS

59 CRUISE

OHIO STATE
OHIO STATE
T.J. FARRELL

One summer morning, the 29th of July, 1958, some 80 young men abruptly ended their summer vacations and were now about to embark on a new adventure in the field of higher learning. This adventure consisted of the Massachusetts Maritime Academy and its present inhabitants. The long days of waiting, working, and worrying had finally come to an end. This was it—Entrance day. Needless to say, the thoughts that coursed through our minds those few final days and hours were varied. Who could imagine what it would really be like? The answer came soon enough, much to our despair. In a few short hours we were involved in the most thorough, but unusual indoctrination of our lives. Who can forget those first weeks of Academy life, with its ups, its downs, its humorous moments, and its sad moments; all of these mixed together with a touch of homesickness and in some cases, an even greater amount of loneliness.

As the weeks flew by, which is a peculiarity common to our school, we soon realized that one gets out of the Academy what he puts into it and with that in mind, we got down to business in spite of things.

With the first class, studies, turn-tos, and mess-cooking, we found that there was not much time to devote to idleness. When we were able to relax for any amount of time, the third class heads (our youngie year recreation deck) and the fantail became a haven for the class to go to and get away from it all.

With liberty time seeming to be so little in comparison with everything else, we were all very much pleased when it was found that we had an eleven day leave period coming up. As the first and second

class did not get the leave period as we did, we were sneered, jeered, and leered rather viciously the week before leaving, and many of the class found that it was not too cozy to brag about the whole thing. Well, we all went home for a much needed rest, and since summer was not quite over, we all had a chance to join in on the last happy days of the season with the "other people" as we now call them. Then, after Labor Day, we came back to the land of bunks, bugs, and boggers. To many of us, it took

a lot of doing to come back that day, but we came through and were back in the crazy swing of things by the next morning.

A few of our class took interest in athletics and we soon found that our class had more than its share of fine athletes. Baseball and football teams alike were well represented by the "slicksters of 61".

Next in the line of events on the Academy calendar came the Ring Dance, our answer to a Senior Prom, only eight months earlier. We all learned our "masters" first names as they wanted to show what fine cadets they were to their feminine escorts. We didn't agree, but in general, they were a pretty good group (we didn't think so at the time). The dance went off very well, and with that over with, the next thing we had to look forward to was mid-term exams. In this respect we did fairly well. Our class had dwindled since we first arrived, but fortunately not because of scholastic deficiencies—that was to come later.

The month of November came and with it the Cape Cod winter. Those morning check musters on the dock were too much for words—such cold the world has never known.

Soon we drew duty for the next holiday, which of course was Thanksgiving, all except the "Watch Two Dealers" went home to celebrate. Gradually as Christmas drew near, wild bombs started falling everywhere, releasing tales of drydock period. We, the third class, wanted Boston, but with the excitement caused by thoughts of the coming Christmas leave, we didn't give dry dock much consideration. Instead, we waited anxiously for those last few weeks to drag by so that we could once again go home and enjoy a little bit of civilian life.

The day finally arrived, and home we went. In spite of the time off, however, we were concerned with the fact that finals were to be the week after we returned. But, at any rate, we did enjoy our leave and upon returning after New Year's, waded into our final exams. With these over, the drydock period was next on the agenda and when we found that Boston took the bid, our cheers were heard for miles. So, off we sailed that January morn on the Bay State. At last we were at sea—this was the life—we were now salts—six full hours at sea! What stories to tell the folks at home.

Dry dock deals were pulled by all and we had liberty every night. Three cheers for the Palace, our sanctuary for more than a week and a half—oh, we did go home, but only after having paid our respects in a right and proper manner.

Being in Boston and relatively close to home was very good, but as the shipyard period wore on, we were drawn away from thoughts of home and loved ones by some strange mysterious force. It was the event we were waiting for—the cruise!

Then, on a cold, dreary, drizzly day, the Bay State cast her lines, steamed out of the harbor, gave a hearty goodbye on her whistle, and set course for our first port, Panama.

Tales of seasickness echoed through the passageways and compartments of the Bay State that first night at sea, borne mostly by the upperclassmen in hopes of creating a little humor here and there. The 61ers showed their stuff and except for a slight minority, proved to be as salty as any "before the Master" could be. We might add that fairly calm seas helped us immensely—but keep that quiet in future war stories. Two days out we were in T-Shirts. With that a new word took its place in our vocabulary — Bennies. The quest for those priceless bennies went on wildly at first, as many sunburned novices could tell you.

Getting them was one thing; keeping them was another, which leads our story into the engine room and messdeck. The words level, readings, bilges, condenser, valve, messcook, deckplates, and many others became constant nightmares. What horrors these words held.

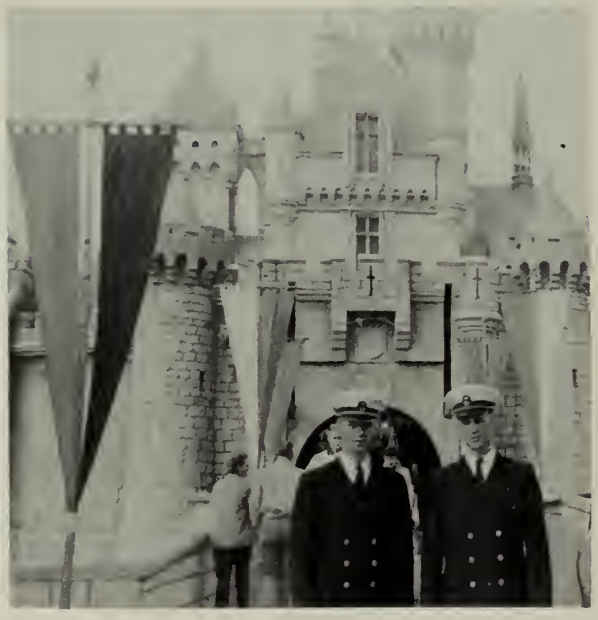
Seven days later and we sailed into the East Entrance of the Panama Canal. To us it was as exciting an experience as we could imagine. We made the transit through the canal and tied up at Rodman, on the west side. As we made our way through the base, some of us had definite plans, others just were just looking. After sucking down a few "tonics", the boys invaded Panama in a way similar to the Marines at Iwo Jima. Taxi cab stocks doubled overnight as the boys took advantage of the hospitality shown by the natives and Panama Hilton Hotel. The night life of the Canal Zone was a new and exciting experience. The natives' tastes for entertainment became our tastes as we adapted ourselves to Panama like a fish takes to water. By the end of our careers at the Academy we were practically natives ourselves.

With Panama now only a memory the Bay State entered the Blue Pacific and steamed North to Acapulco. We were surprised to find that due to President Eisenhower being there, all traffic had been rerouted, whether for his safety, or to avoid diplomatic conflict. As such, the Bay State continued on up the coast to Long Beach, California.

Long Beach in itself did not have much in the way of attractions, but with Hollywood and Los Angeles to the north and Disneyland to the east, what more could one ask for. It is senseless to describe each individual adventure, as there were too many, but Long Beach proved to be one of the better ports and also the perfect place for young men to expel their stored up energy that had accumulated after ten long days at sea.

After leaving Long Beach, we made our way up the N.W. coast, leaving warmth and sunshine of California behind us. Soon Cape Flaherty was in sight. We made our way through the straits and steamed through Puget Sound into the bone yard of World War Two shipping, the Reserve Fleet Area of Olympia, Washington.

We were here to strip the last life from the Bay State's sister, the USS Feland. We had tons of equipment to transfer from the Feland to the Bay State, which would have caused many a salvage engineer to look a second time. Since there is no substitute for middie labor, the task was accomplished well ahead of schedule. For liberty there is not much to be said; we saw a new country and met new people. These two things proved to be the highlight for most of us. One thing we cannot overlook is the hospitality shown us by the residents of the Capital of the State of Washington.



Next on the agenda was the big town of San Francisco, with sunshine, w a r m e r weather, and big city living. After a short run down the coast, with the Pacific living up to its name, we picked up the San Francisco pilot. Passing beneath the famed Golden Gate, we were presented with a startling view of the city of hills. We tied up within the shadow of the famous restaurant, Fisherman's Grotto. Liberty in

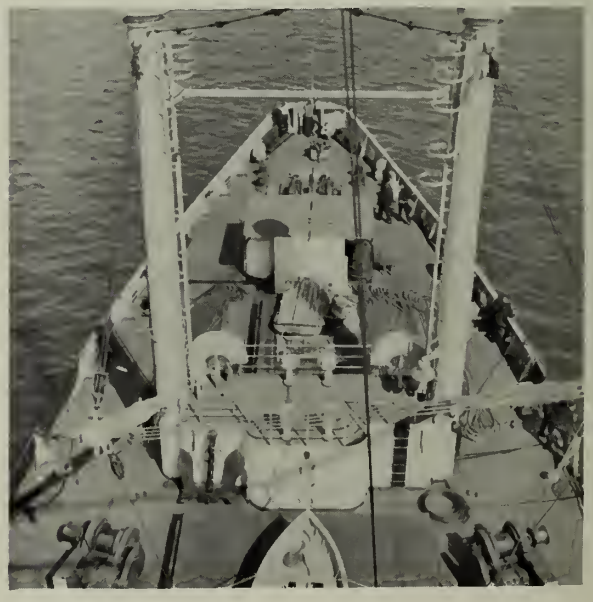
We were originally supposed to transit the canal and dock at Cristobol but due to a mix up in the higher echelon, we once again found ourselves across the canal from Balboa at Fort Rodman. History repeated itself in many ways; new acquaintances blossomed and old ones were renewed.

Frisco was of course, excellent. The middies sampled it all from the North Beach with its night clubs and beatniks, to Chinatown, Telegraph Hill, and the Golden Gate. So, with deep regret, we left the lights, lovelies, and laughs, and settled down to the sea routine once again, looking forward to a ten day run · Panama.

The last frantic rush for souvenirs for the folks, peace offerings for the sweethearts, and trinkets for the younger set found the middies engaged in ruthless bargaining with the owners of every shop from Rodman to Panama. Funds were low, but there was still time for enjoyment and the boys took advantage of it.

Our next port, Baltimore, Maryland, soon began to stir up the curiosity of the middies. The trip up was spent getting our trusty vessel shipshape and proper for her re-entry into the good old U.S. The weather got progressively cooler as we steamed northward and we all expressed our regret, as each day the sun appeared lower and lower in the sky.

Upon our arrival, we were greeted very hospitably by the citizens of the city. When we were out on liberty, we were impressed even more as to the friendly atmosphere created by the people there. The U.S.O. put on a couple of real enjoyable dances for us and along with the night life, there was plenty to see during the day. One of the highlights was a trip to Annapolis, the site of the Naval Academy. Many of us were awed at the grandure and flashy military routine, but deep down inside we all stood



loyal to the good old Bay State and her Merchant Marine ways. She may not have the polish, but she does have everything else. Before we get involved in a merchant vs. Navy debate let's stop here—we know who is better anyway. At any rate, we enjoyed our trip to the Academy and the middies appreciated the opportunity to see how the "other half" lives. Lest we forget—there are a few potential Ensigns in our midst, but the ball and chain will take care of them in due time.

Needless to say, spirits were high as we cast our lines off and steamed past historic Fort Sumpter on the final leg of our journey towards Boston. Two days more and we would be home again.

The Boston lightship loomed over the horizon in no time at all, and soon we were passing by the Graves, into President Roads and up into the anchorage, right off Commonwealth Pier. Since we arrived at night, we dropped the hook and rode at anchor until the next morning. Line handlers were sent ashore right after breakfast and we were soon maneuvering alongside the pier.

Once secured, the ship was stormed by enthusiastic parents, girl friends, relatives, and other friends of the middies. After a frantic rush to shift into dress uniforms, the call for liberty went.

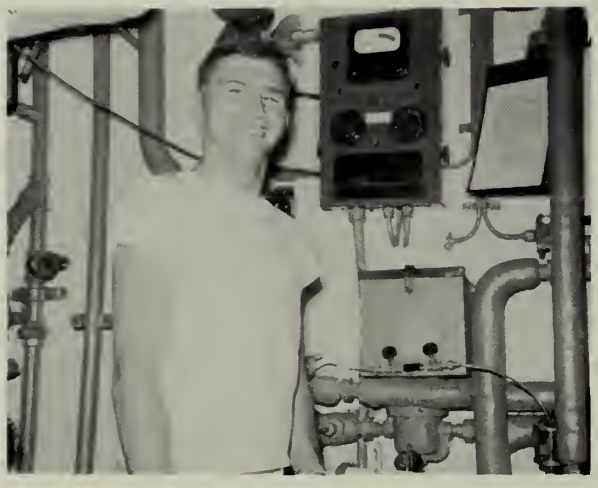
It was all over and we were glad to be Home!!

60" Cruise

BAR
PIZZA
OVER 21 ? - OK
MADEIRA

The joy of occupying second class bunks was somewhat marred when we realized that the first class would be just across the hatch. Our visions of late sacks disappeared but we soon adapted ourselves to the situation and found that it wasn't so bad after all.

Upon returning from leave period we were delighted to see shining new faces aboard the Bay State. Needless to say, they were welcomed faces, for these visitors were to stay with us for two years and assume many of the unpleasant tasks that were ours as third classmen.



But, all that glitters is not gold: it's the belt buckles that started gleaming when the Navy appeared from over the horizon. Middies became "rows o' corn" and the slip stick replaced the paper bound book in the back pockets. Restriction replaced liberty as the 1-50 list grew grotesquely out of proportion. Thus began the reign of terror. The Spanish inquisition was a direct opposite in comparison.

After being divided into two groups with common interests for awhile, we discovered that a closer communion had developed in our individual groups and good fellowship was enjoyed by all.

As we struggled under the burden of intense studies, we discovered that the first class looked dimly on our "unsquaredaway-ness". Purge followed purge but by "tunning to" regularly, we found that mast could be avoided. The Vagrant marveled at the fact that some of us understood what he was teaching and he favorably compared us to the dunces of the first class.

At about this time the local gentry took notice of us and discovered that there was an academy at the end of Pier Road. This revelation so interested these folks that dances were held in order that the middies could be observed. These dances were a welcome break in the tedium of studies and although some of the boys accused the girls at these dances of being too young, it was a thoughtful and a welcome gesture.

The "Reviveth Flame Society" was formed and succeeded in finding the boys a home away from home and soon we outnumbered the more colorful habitues of this mundare bistro. Few will forget the pre-dance party held in the Congo Room of this establishment.

"Who - are - the - compartment - cleaners?" soon became a familiar sound. It was always followed by the muffled curses of nocturnal janitors as they rolled out of their bunks to go cigarette butt hunting. The square jaw that loomed behind the flashlight glow belonged to a new member of the faculty. This salty, efficient and much respected newcomer was thought to be part polar bear because he delighted in decorating the 0-1 deck with frost bitten middies in sub zero temperatures. The plot to steal and hide the 0-1 deck was abandoned when it was realized that "Narook of the North"

would probably hold supper formations on the Foc's 1. The bulkheads of second division gleamed from frequent applications of soojee and first class deck was reminded of what it was like to be youngies. The Spanish department was replaced by a soft spoken linguist from south of the border. We were much impressed by his broad scope of knowledge and experience. He certainly had been around and we even learned a lot of Spanish too!!

On the 14th of March, the Bay State Maru once again left the Bay (after a slight engineering delay) for her 1960 cruise to the Mediterranean. The list of ports were: Hamilton, Bermuda; Funchal, Maderia; Palma De Mallorca; Naples, Italy; Valencia, Spain; Las Palmas, Gran Canaria; Miami, Florida; and the Bay.

Each port brings back many memories of good times we had. Waiting off Bermuda in a stormy night, then to see the islands and the blue water the next day was well worth it. Liberty found us with a new toy,

the motorbike. These two wheeled bombs brought us inside, outside, thru, and on many places. To the Elbow-Beach Surf Club, Princess Hotel and others the name M.M.A. became the by-word or watch-word of many. As we left the islands for Europe, we became part of an air-sea rescue operation. We did our part too, the saving of a radar buoy.

Then came nine days of painting, navigating and steaming to Funchal. This little port on the map became our anchorage for

the next five days. With a tour over the mountain island and visits to many wine shops in Funchal, many of us became great admirers of Casanova. Of course, after 5 days, we were ready and willing to leave our little home for the Med and Palma.

Palma de Mallorca was one of the highlights of the cruise, although engine trouble almost stopped us. Here once again, we ran into many things and places, with Vespas, of course many more names became part of us, like Los Tres Mosqueteros with Kookie, and the Merry Bar. Middies were replacing

barmaids and a great time was had by all. After three too short days, we left Palma and set course for Naples and the Easter Holidays.

Once in Naples, one watch at a time went to Rome for three days at the price of twenty dollars. With stops on the way, many were once again in their proper roll as middies. With the nights to ourselves and the days for touring, we saw such places as Vatican City, the Catacombs, The Olympic Games Sight, the Coluseum, Appian Way, the Fountain Trevia, and many other places.

With everyone aboard the Bay State Maru, we started the long and hazardous journey, for the ship, home. But before leaving the Med, we paid a visit to Valencia, Spain and gave American good will a shove. While there, the U.S.N. S.P.'s were particularly impressed by our conduct in such famous places as the Zambra and Derby Clubs that they wished a bon voyage as we left. The highlight of our stay was the chance to see a bull-fight. In due course, we found that the matador's life isn't always as easy as one reads about. Finally leaving Spain, and the Med, we headed for our last European Port o' Call, Las Palmas.

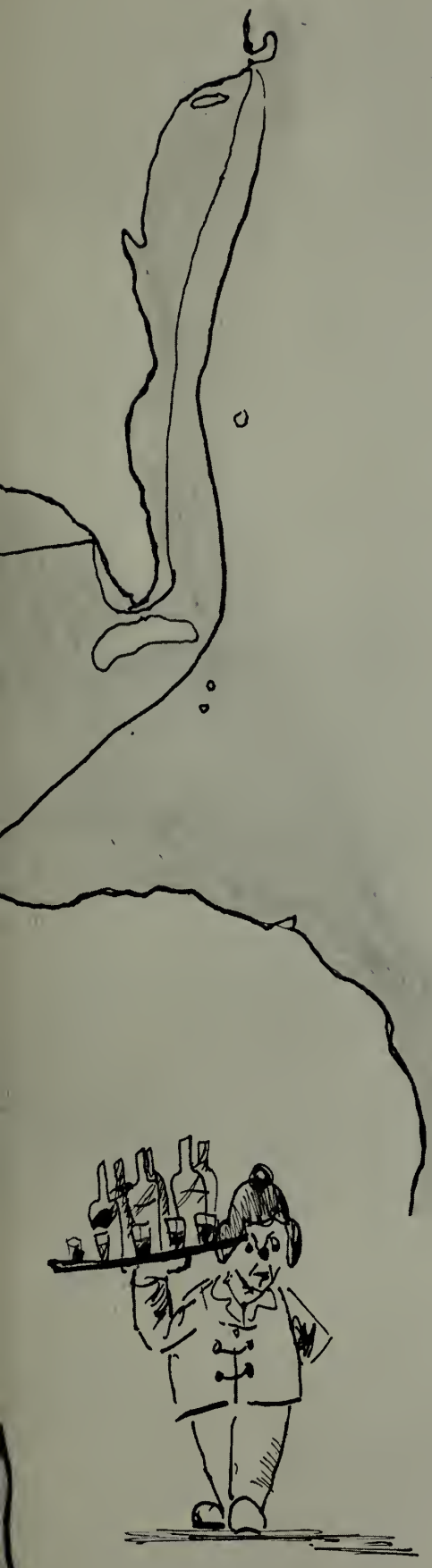
Las Palmas was visited during a festival, and many of us spent days at the beach (for this was one of the last chance for "Bennies"), and the nights helping festival time along. After this brief stay, we once again set our course for home, via Miami.

Once at sea, doubts arose as to when and where we would finally rest, but the snipes did maintain a head of steam even though our pace was cut to a leisurely nine knots. We drifted into Miami, only to have the Coast Guard take our papers away. Rumors had it that M.M.A. was to settle in Miami

for the duration of time. In line with our stay, the Key to Miami was presented by Miss Miami, and with this many doors were unlocked only to reveal a high price list, that also was accompanied by I.D.'s.

Through hard work of the snipes and the benevolent attitude of the U.S. Coast Guard, our papers were once more restored and we departed from Miami on schedule. The Maru plodded up the East Coast and we arrived at the Bay on time. The ordeal of the Bay State and her troubles were over—the second class cruise was complete!!

61' Cruise



VALPO

JACK PARR'S

January 17, 1961 found the Bay State sailing over the horizon on our last training cruise. As we headed south, the Atlantic proved very uncooperative and our proud vessel staggered from side to side throughout the entire run along the coast. Cases of seasickness raised many doubts among the rookies as to the wisdom in deciding upon a nautical career. Soon, however, the warmth of the Caribbean and the prospect of our first port erased all discomforts.

We anchored in Gatun Lake and simmered there a few days. A cool refreshing dip into the placid water would have been a pleasant relief from the heat, but the lake was teeming with allidiles and crocigators. Happily, by the time the weekend came around, we had transisted the canal to Rodman. Tears came to our eyes as we looked at this fondly remembered city, and some of us were ready to apply for our second papers in obtaining Panamanian citizenship.

The U.S. Naval Station at Rodman had much to offer and we greatly enjoyed wallowing in the large pool during the blistering afternoons. These invigorating swims were only interrupted by sojourns across the street for welcome liquid refreshments. Despite the warnings of the more experienced and blase first classmen, many lower

classmen dared to venture into the city itself in search for strange and exotic things. Our class sadly reflected upon the youth of today and decided experience is the best teacher. After visiting the famous Rock and Roll Zoo, where we saw the monkey laugh, we took in our moorings and for the second time entered the vast Pacific.

The run down the west coast of S. A. was accompanied by fair weather and untroubled sailing. The long trip was broken up only by our initiation into the Solemn mysteries of the Ancient Order of the Deep. This was a welcome break in the extended run and proved to be a valuable morale booster.

Valparaiso will probably be remembered as the best port of the cruise. Genuine hospitality was shown by the Chileans as we were royally entertained from arrival to departure. Dances at the Chilean North American Cultural Institute gave us the appreciated opportunity to establish contact with girls with whom we could never have become acquainted under ordinary circumstances due to the strict social customs and etiquettes. Naturally short lived romances sprung up and some of them continued via air mail. Dances, cocktail parties, dinners, and invitations to private homes cemented the friendship between the Chileans and the Middies.

All good things must end, and after promising the senoritas we would be back in a few months, we left the beaches of Vina del Mar to board the Bay State. Our ship had acquired the habit of rolling, mere berthing failed to quench her enthusiasm for this, and for five days she rocked merrily away to the tune of snapping manillas and deckie curses. When the Bay State took in her moorings and slowly pointed her bow to the north, Farouk stood at the rail wiping his eyes and sadly waving goodbye to the twelve pronged pet which the wild life authorities had taken from him.

The Bay State churned through porpoises and jellyfish for days until "ODAR" (odor detection and ranging) told us that Callao was near. Fragrant zephyrs wafted over to us from the fish factory and effervescent bubbles of sulphur gases floated gaily from the mucky bottom of Callao Harbor. The vapors penetrated everything, leaving a black residue on our white bulkheads that not even Mac's soojee could remove.

We wandered through poverty stricken Callao to Lima, where we saw the sights and bought llama skins and silver. One of

our classmates was almost elected as local dog catcher but his method of handling canines was not approved. Most of us found Lima a bustling modern city which offered the Bay Staters many opportunities to widen their horizons and broaden their knowledge of the foreign way of life.

In her enthusiasm to leave Callao, the Bay State ran aground and our most welcome departure was delayed. After some work and maneuvering we were soon underway again and not long after departure the clean Pacific breeze quickly removed any traces of our stay in Peru.

An uneventful passage brought us back to what some of us considered our second home—Panama. Starboard watch knew it was Panama since most of them were told by one of the aborigines that, "Thees ees the Panama Canal." This time, however, the donkeys pulled us past Rodman and Balboa to our fourth port.

Cristobal proved to be nothing but a half dozen streets of bars, bars, and more bars. We searched in vain for libraries, museums, and other places to enjoy ourselves in, but after futile exploration we were forced to find our amusement elsewhere.....

A restful few days sailing through the Caribbean and the Gulf of Mexico brought us to Galveston. At the pier we were greeted by a band and gentlemen from the Chamber of Commerce, who had quite a busy schedule planned for us. Tours, dinners, and a fine dance at the Jack Tar succeeded in making our visit to Texas a very enjoyable one. Real Southern hospitality on the part of city, marine, and state officials added to our appreciation of this busy island-city. There was, however, a marked lack of privacy aboard the Bay State. A

middie emerging from the showers might well have met five senators and one or two airline stewardesses grinning at him. It did not seem to bother them. They would just tip their ten gallon hats, and say, "Howdy y'all", and continue on to inspect the berthing compartments. But midshipmen, having innate modesty, found this rather embarrassing. After all, it is difficult to indulge in social niceties when standing with nothing but a tooth brush and a bar of soap between you and nakedness.

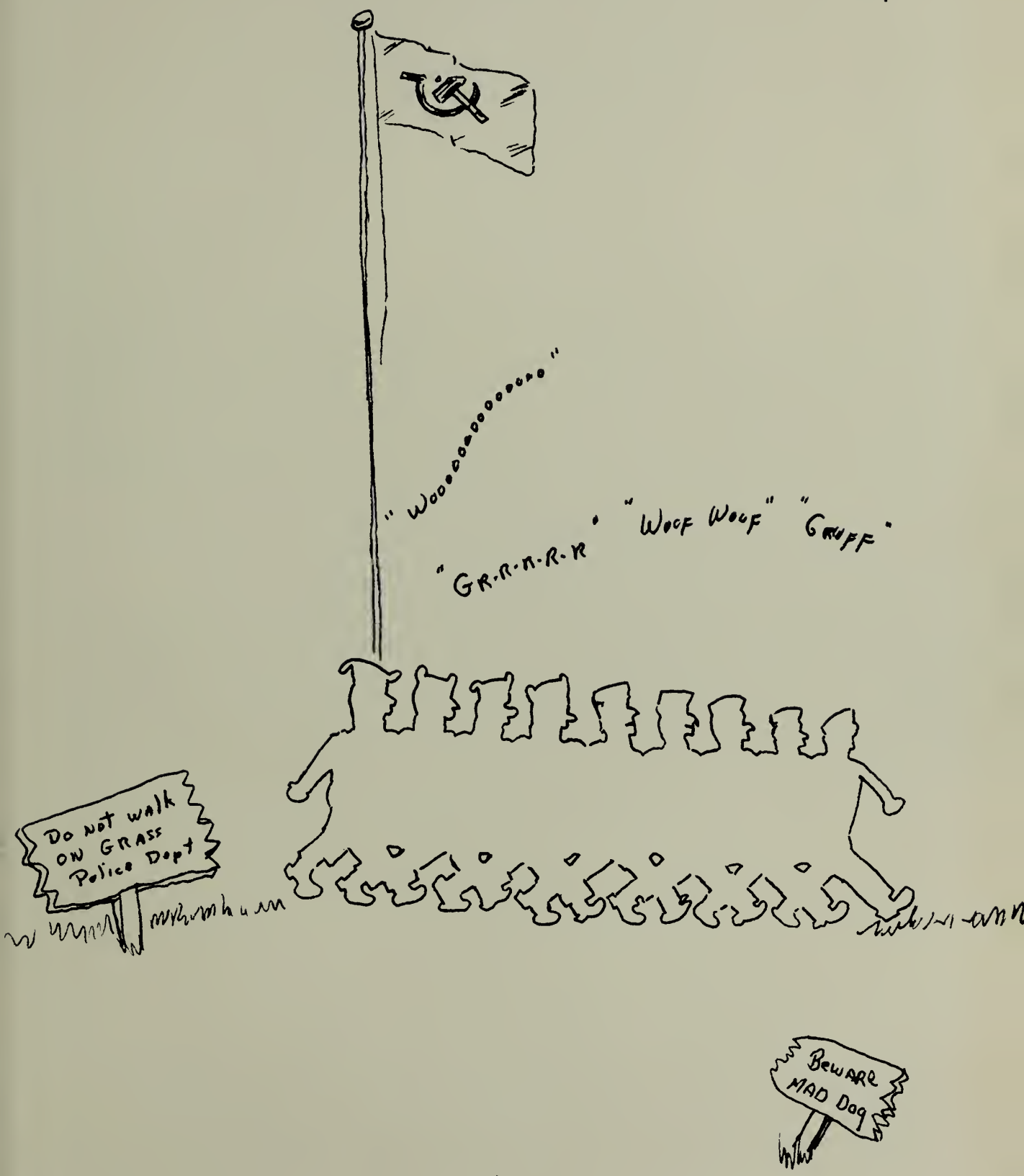
Tampa, our next stop, displayed no distinctive features and we whiled away our time swimming, sightseeing, and visiting the surrounding districts. Many of us took the bus to St. Petersburg which had good beaches and, it was rumored, nickel beers. Nights found us far from St. Pete's, the sight of all those retired people sitting on sidewalk benches waiting for the grim reaper proved unsettling.

We left Tampa; and rounding the tip of Florida into the Atlantic, the Gulf Stream gave us a considerable push towards our last port. Kodiak had, for days, been telling

anyone who would listen, of the advantages of going to New Bedford instead of Buzzards Bay or Boston. Fearing that the officers would be subjected to the boredom of being with their wives and children after three months at sea, the thoughtful Dymas prepared a banquet. Subtle coaxing from the Board increased the enthusiasm in the wardroom toward this affair and it was well stacked with brass.

Thus ended the cruise. We bounded home overflowing with souvenirs and sea stories, to wait for our bennies to fade away.

SPORTS
3


"Woooooooooooo"
"GR-R-R-R-R"
"Woof Woof"
"Gruff"
Do not walk ON GRASS Police Dept
Beware MAD Dog

FOOTBALL

FRONT ROW: Crosby, Brown, Gardner, Pina, Townsend, Butler, Bartlett, Campbell, Hanhisalo. BACK ROW: Fenton, Haggerty, Meuse, O'Brien, Mallett, Thorup, Simpson, Telles, Newton, Avakian, Landry, J.

Pina, Gardner, Townsend, Brown, Butler, Crosby

BASEBALL

FRONT ROW: Farrell, A. L., Crosby, Quimby, McGee, DesChamps, Whitney, Brown.
BACK ROW: O'Donnell, O'Sullivan, Landry, Woronka, Bruce, Barker, Byrne.

Crosby, McGee, Farrell, Quimby, Brown

TRACK

O'Leary, Grinnell, Lopes, Atkins, Holmstrom, Kimball, Howes, West (Manager)

Holmstrom, Lopes, Atkins, O'Leary, Howes, Grinnell

GOLF

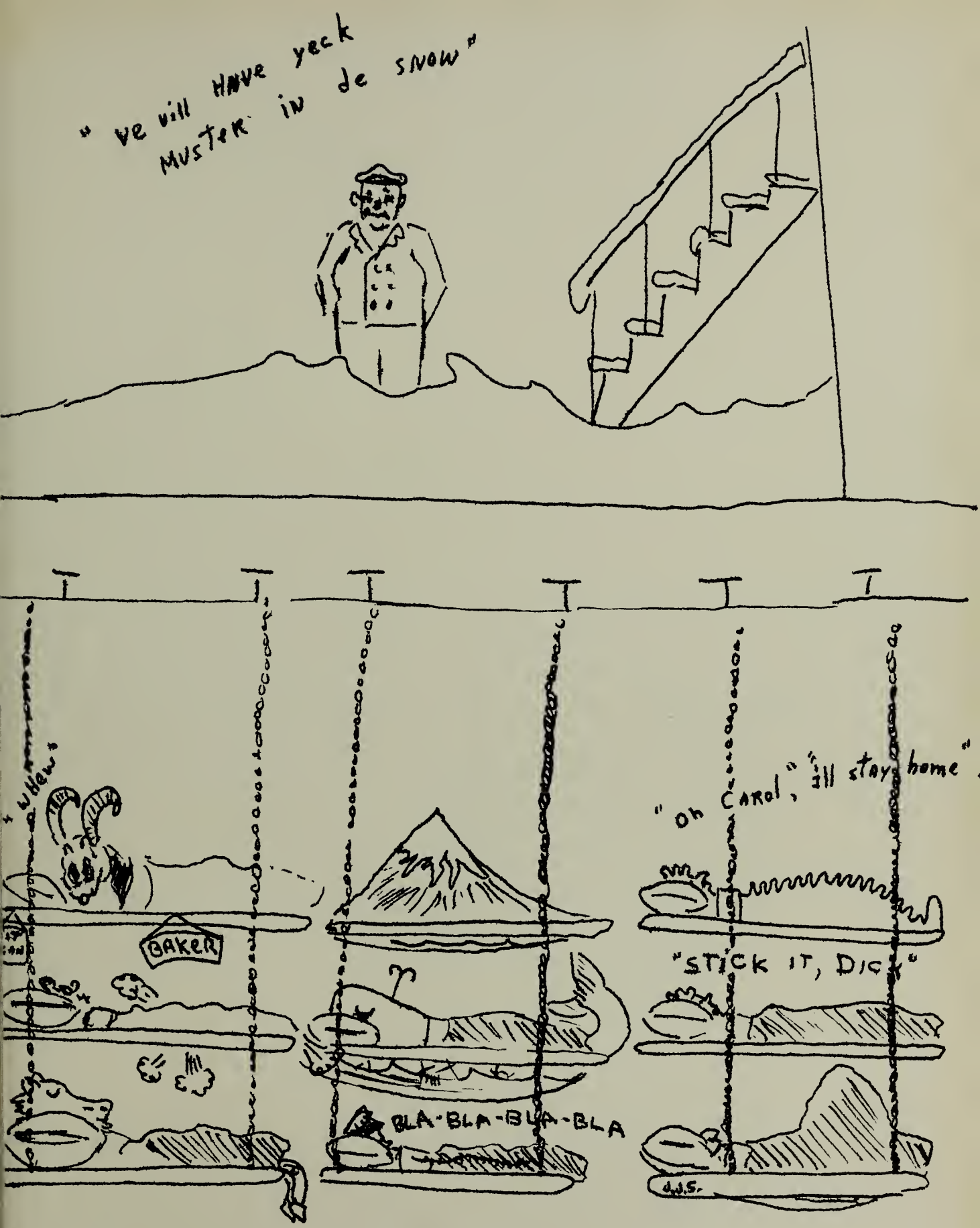
Whitney, Spero, Brown, Quimby, Sheehan, McGee

This year Sports, at long last, have gained a certain level of recognition due, in part perhaps, to the addition of the athletic field as part of the Academy grounds. Since sports began at the Maritime Academy they have fought a never ending battle against Rules and Regulations, scholastic failures, and a generally negative attitude towards sports exhibited by the regime.

The most influential factor in favor of sports has probably been Mr. Yard, instructor of Spanish. Meeting a myriad of obstacles, Mr. Yard has still managed, practically singlehandedly, to bring athletics into focus. We wish to express our deepest appreciation to Mr. Yard for his interest in the athletic program.

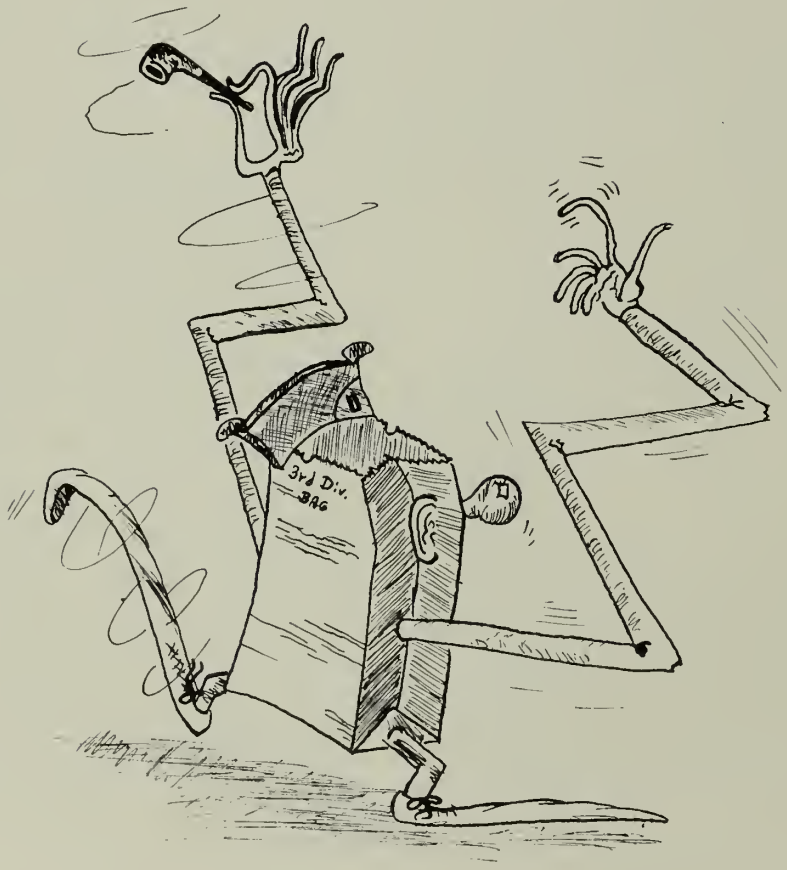
Class of 1961.

"Our Activities"


" ve will Have yeck
MUSTeR in de SNOW"
"whew"
BAKER
BLA-BLA-BLA-BLA
"Oh Carol, I'll stay home"
"STICK IT, DICK"
d.w.s.

"Wake up, you guyzzz-z-zzzzzz!"

L-L-L-L-L-et's g-go . . . Engineers
On Th-Th-This Li-Li-Line!



"*???*?*?*?*?!!"...**? Watch 3!

Hey Freddie, the main condensate pump is on fire!!!

RING DANCE

During the fall of each year, the First Class of the Academy holds its formal Ring Dance. This year it was held at the Statler Hilton Hotel in Boston.

The highlight of the Ring Dance is a ceremony conducted under the arches of the enlarged ring; this ceremony represents the marriage of the cadet to his profession in the Merchant Marine. The cadet's date dips his ring into the binnacle which contains waters from the seven seas of the world. This represents the field in which the young man is to spend his future. The binnacle also contains a compass, symbolizing the straight and true course the young man is to steer upon graduation. After the ring is removed from the binnacle, it is placed on the finger of the cadet, thus completing the ceremony.

Being the most distinguished social event of the year, the Ring Dance is ended by practically the entire cadet corps in honor of the graduating class. The first classmen are in dress white uniforms.

CADET OFFICERS

—Change of Command—

FRONT ROW: Whitney; Robinson; Farrell, A. L.; Lynch, Battalion Commander; Kradolfer, Battalion Adjutant; LaPreste; Butler; Jones; Hureau. SECOND ROW: Bourneuf; Hartshorn; Cain; Shields; Dempsey; Pina.

RING COMMITTEE
Korin, Kradolfer, Lynch, Farrell, T. J.

RING DANCE COMMITTEE
Jones, Kradolfer, Bolcome, Butler, Whitney, Donahue

DEDICATION OF NAVAL SCIENCE BUILDING

Hartshorn, Business Manager; Shields, Editor in Chief; King, Associate Editor; LaPreste, Advertising Manager.

MUSTER STAFF

FRONT ROW: Kradolfer and Butler, Writers; LaPreste, Advertising Manager; Spero, Writer; King, Associate Editor. BACK ROW: Shields, Editor in Chief; Hartshorn, Business Manager; Dillon, Writer; Frodyma, Photography Editor; Farrell, Art Editor; Donahue, Writer.

Shields, Editor in Chief; King, Associate Editor.

MARITIME DAY

BAND

O'Leary, Bandmaster; Kimball, Halloran, Granger, Fenton, Dwyer, Hancock, Wingate, Leonard, Caiger, Cronin, Cheyne.

RIFLE TEAM

FRONT ROW: Atkins, Sweeney, Donahue. SECOND ROW: Volkin, Muldowney, Trudell, Tautkus, Harkins.

HONOR GUARD

Lynch, DesChamps, King Crocker, Bolcome, Halloran, Donahue, Atkins, Bourneuff

BOWLING TEAM

Korin, Pina, Robinson, Hureau, Halloran, King, Trudell, Farrell, A. L., Bolcome, Cain, Ward, Townsend, Whitney, Farrell, T. J., Lynch, Spero, McGee, Crosby, Quimby, LaPreste, Bourneuf, Deschamps.

CIRCLE "K" CLUB

FRONT ROW: Lopes, Flaherty, Sheehan, Halloran, Mallett, Huyghe. SECOND ROW: Dempsey, President; Shields, Vice President; Hartshorn, Dillon, Frodyma, Haley, Federico, Dewis, Vice President.

NEWMAN CLUB

Father Mahoney, Cronin, Fenton, Mooney.

I've told you first class engineers that umpty umph times!

I never did that at Fort Schyler.

"And you guys are gona listen to an old Taylor joke."

"Any one got 2 bits for a can of crab meat?"

"It can't be aground.....
it isn't over far enough!"

According to the latest campus poll, the results show:

BEST EYES.....CDR. HEMMERLY
MOST PATIENT.....LCDR. BRIAND
MOST EFFICIENT.....CHIEF COGHLIN
MOST INTELLIGENT.....BOB THOMPSON
MOST POPULAR.....BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS
CLASS FLIRT.....CAPTAIN WOODLAND
WITTIEST.....LT. McNAUGHTON
MOST ATHLETIC.....BOBBIE JOBBIE
MOST AMBITIOUS.....LCDR. HIRST
QUIETEST.....LT. DORSEY
MOST MUSICAL.....CDR. CEASE
MOST ARTISTIC.....RAYMOND
CLASS CLOWN.....CDR. CROSBY
CUTEST.....CAPTAIN MURRAY
MOST COURTEOUS.....LT. YARD
MOST LIKELY TO SUCCEED.....CDR. CEASE
BEST DRESSED.....CDR. CONNORS
BEST DANCER.....LCDR. PAGE
BEST LOOKING.....CHIEF LACASSE, SR.
HEAVENLY.....CAPTAIN ROUNDS

IN APPRECIATION.....

We, the graduating class, wish to thank you, Bobbie Stewart, for the interest that you have shown to our class and to the countless other midshipmen that have passed through the Massachusetts Maritime Academy. You will always be remembered as a true friend!!

One of the last of the Tanbarks, the man who could never figure out which he liked the best, the Sawdust Trail or the deep blue seas.

T.F.Farrell

THANKS

Without advertisers and patrons, it is impossible to produce a yearbook. This is especially so of the MUSTER, whose entire publication is dependent on these two factors.

We, the class of 1961, would like to express our deepest appreciation for your support. Each of you has contributed towards the success of the MUSTER and as such, to our class.

Class of '61

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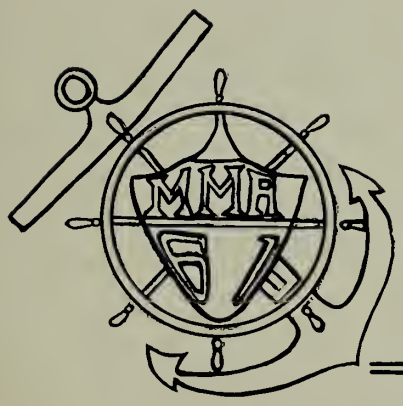

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There's no need to press the panic button. But it's time to roll up our sleeves and regain our share of world markets. We in the shipping industry are in a position to see one very easy way to help remedy this.

While our foreign competitors insist on having the bulk of their exports and imports carried by ships of their own merchant fleets, Americans are not similarly patronizing American flag ships for trade and travel. Latest figures show that American ships transport less than 11% of America's total foreign trade!

American dollars which fail to give a reasonable support to American shipping are contributing directly to this deficit in our balance of payments. In effect, they are helping to weaken the effectiveness of the United States in world affairs. The result is to weaken the defenses against our enemies.

I have no hesitation in urging you to *ship American, travel American*—and thereby help our country's economy and our world position.

J. M. Wise
President

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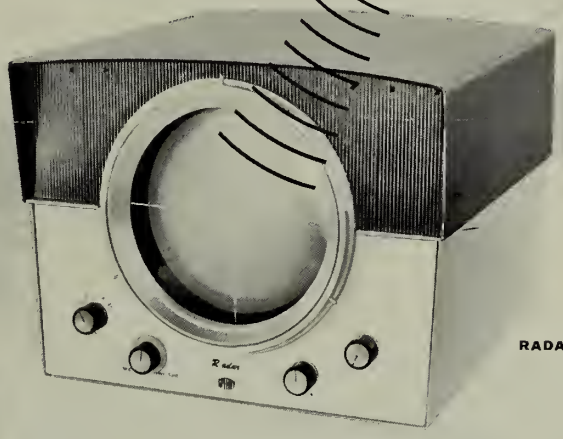
IN ZERO
VISIBILITY



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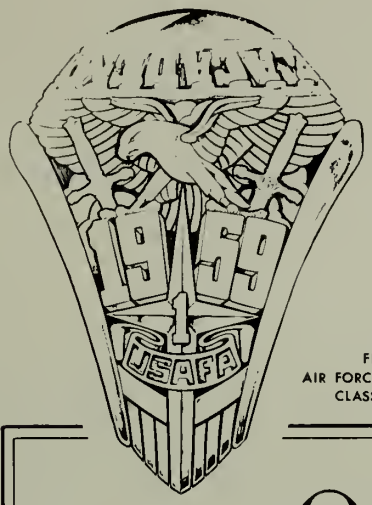

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